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The Lily of Limehouse	Thomas Burke
Musical Notes	Edwin Evans

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Suvla Bay (ii)	Juvenis
Efficiency and Vice	Arnold White
The Abuse of Labour	West Country Miner
A Woman's Night in Furnaceland	Mrs. Alec-Tweedie
The Emigration Madness	H. M. Hyndman
The Case for the Married	E. Miles Taylor, A.C.A.
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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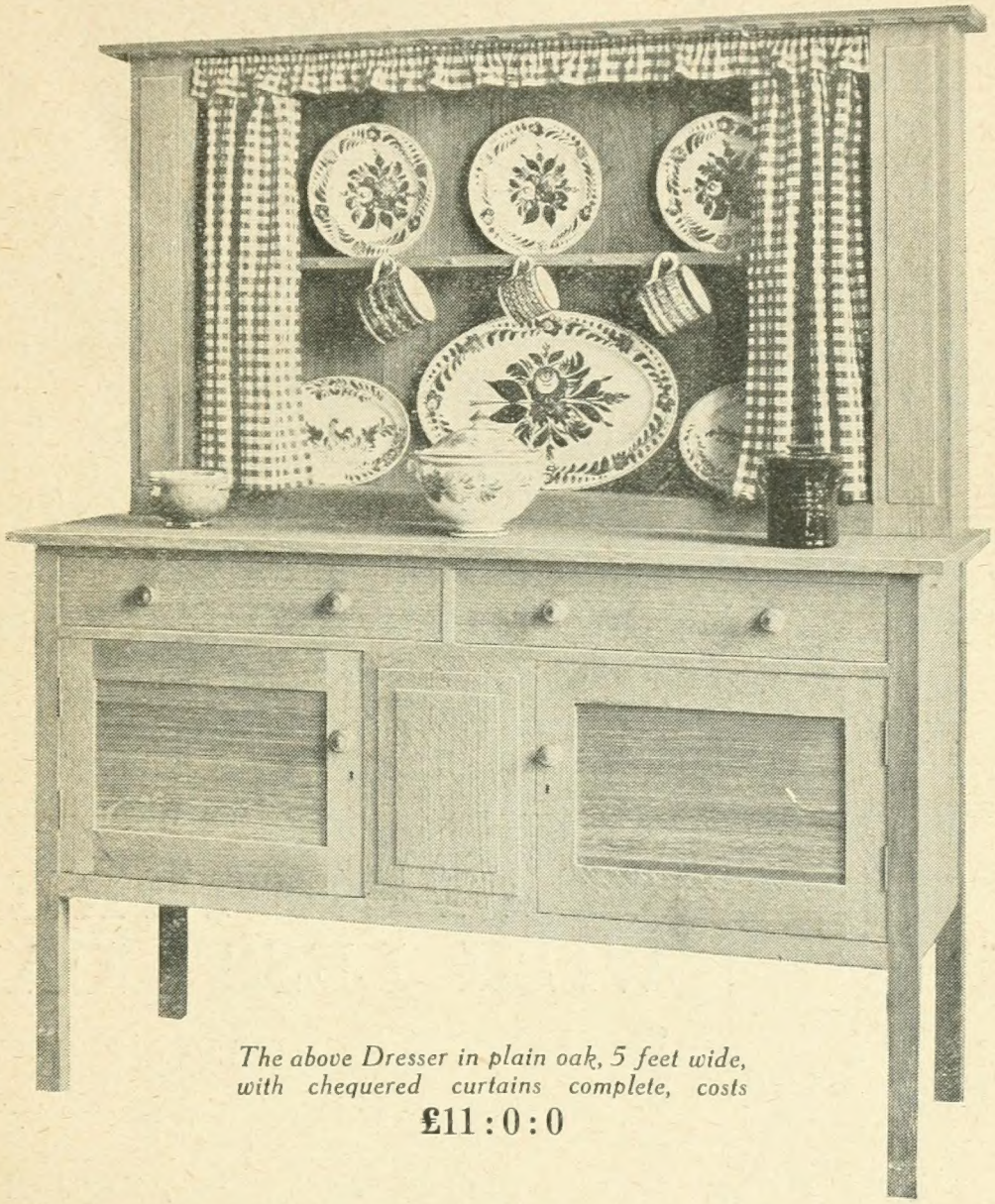

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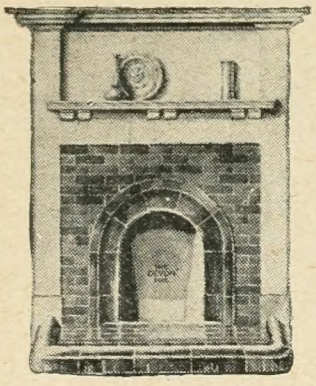

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

MAY, 1916

"The Seven Gifts"

By Edmund John

(Suggested by the fragment of a letter from an Athenian father to his son, in the time of Pericles, now in possession of Sydney Oswald, Esqre.)

I GIVE my clear-eyed boy a star
Of clematis from summer days
That dwelt among the scented ways
Of an old garden still and far:
—So that it light his dreams with truth
From that walled garden of my youth,
I give my clear-eyed boy a star.

I give my soft-haired boy a crown
Of olive from the groves of Greece,
That all life's passion turn to peace
For him, and perilous paths lead down
To clear calm lakes beneath the moon;
—So that his brow be cool at noon,
I give my soft-haired boy a crown.

I give my red-lipped boy a rose
Fresh with the dew of waking dawn,
—A rose for my fair dancing faun
Whose laughter all the summer knows:
—Sweet, careless, unstained, fragrant boy,
So that love bring him only joy,
I give my red-lipped boy a rose.

I give my white-skinned boy a pearl
Fair as his body and as strange
As still pools veiled in mists that change
Their mysteries as they wreathe and curl:
—So that his visions ever be
Wondrous and subtle as the sea,
I give my white-skinned boy a pearl.

I give my singing boy a lute
With silver strings whose chant belongs
To Youth for him to sing his songs
Among the ripening flowers and fruit:
—So that I hear his voice in Spring
When I lie unawakening,
I give my singing boy a lute.

I give my laughing boy a kiss
—Too poor for lips so exquisite—
With curious fleeting tears in it
That glitter through a love like this;
—So that he never know the pain
Of red bruised mouth bruised red in vain,
I give my laughing boy a kiss.

I give my sweet-souled boy my heart
That has been cleansed by bitter tears
Of all the fruitless weary years
Which hope and sorrow set apart:
—So that his pain shall pass before
Into myself and be no more,
I give my sweet-souled boy my heart.

Bed Time Song

By Elizabeth Kirby

"Sing me a song," you said,
"A little sleepy song.
I will lay down my head;
Your breast shall be my bed;
And I will sleep," you said.
"If you will sing that song."

So, very soft and low
I sang a drowsy song,
Of gently falling snow,
And beasts that quietly go,
In soft shoes high and low,
To hear a drowsy song.

I sang of woolly sheep
And shepherd boys in song,
On hillsides green and steep,
And baby lambs asleep
Beside the mother sheep,
Too young to want a song.

Of words that fly on wings
Held fast to make a song.
And slow deliberate things,
State festivals and kings,
And birds that fold their wings,
And sing an evening song.

You shut your heavy eyes
  Before I ceased my song.
The lids fell light as sighs,
And you lay still and wise,
White wings upon your eyes,
  Not caring for the song.

"Sing me a song," you said,
  "A little sleepy song."
You made my breast your bed,
And you let fall your head.
"Sing me a song," you said.
  "Sing me a sleepy song."

"Ense petit placidam, sub libertate quietem."

Britain's Pledge

By Fleming Tuckerman

O Teuton of little faith
Hark to what Britannia saith,
All men listen to her word,
She is never rashly heard.
This shalt thou record;
Not until free of thy yoke,
With her chimneys belching smoke,
Not until the yellow grain
Ripens in her fields again,
Not until the Hun has fled
From Belgian ground soaked with red,
Shall we sheathe the sword.

Listen, thou vain-glorious Hun,
For thy days are well nigh done,
If thou seek a peace that's wise
Reckon on no compromise,
All are in accord;
Not until France shall define
Her frontiers beside the Rhine,
Not until the tricolore
Floats above Alsace once more,
Not until the Poles are free
And Servia is rid of thee,
Shall we sheathe the sword.

By the mounds above our dead,
By the flowers at their head
Ever watered with our tears,
Through the drift of empty years,
By those loved ones lost abroad,
We shall not sheathe the sword,
Not until thou pay the price
Of thy devastation, thrice;
Not until the Prussian crown
And the war-lords are cast down,
Down and out, for good of all
The nations, both great and small,
Shall we sheathe the sword.

The Lily of Limehouse

By Thomas Burke

It is a tale of love and lovers that they tell in the lost lanes of Limehouse when the lamps are lighted and the shapes of the night shut out. In The Causeway, too, you may hear it; and I do not doubt that it is told in T'aip'ing, in Singapore, in Swatow, and in those other gay-lamped haunts of wonder whither the wandering people of Limehouse go and whence they return so casually. It is the tale of the winning and wooing of Lily Lily-Ling by her near neighbour and countryman, Cheng Huan. Benedictions be upon them until the waning of the last moon!

Perhaps you know Pennyfields, that little corner of London lit by the slow, alluring flame of the Orient? Perhaps you know the tremendous glooms of the West India Dock? Its people are monstrous, the spirit of the place bites deep, and the dreadful laughter of it shocks.

Now among those people was Cheng Huan, a poet. There, in Chinatown, in one odorous room over Mr. Tai Fu's store, he lived. He did not know that he was a poet, though he had often wondered why he was unpopular. But a poet he was, though he could not write his own name; a poet, tinged with the materialism of his race; and in his poor listening heart strange echoes would awake of which he himself was barely conscious. He regarded things differently from the other Cantonese seamen who lived about him. He felt things more passionately and things that they felt not at all. So he lived alone, instead of at the lodging-house; and every evening he would sit at his window and watch the street. Then, with the dark, he would take a dish of noodle and some tea at the white café in The Causeway, and, from there, move to another place in Formosa Street for a jolt of opium.

He had come to London by devious ways. He had loafed on the Bund at Shanghai. The fateful intervention

of a crimp had landed him on a boat. He got to Cardiff and sojourned in its Chinatown; thence to Liverpool, to Glasgow; thence, by ticket from the Asiatics' Aid Society, to Limehouse, where he remained for two reasons : because it cost him nothing to live there and because he was too lazy to find a boat.

Now there flitted about the mephitic alleys of the docks, at that time, a girl as sweet and fair as a poet's dream. Lily Lily-Ling was London-Chinese, and first saw the fog of this world on a Dai Nippon as it crawled up-Thames from the East. Cast adrift with her mother at Shadwell, she had survived for seventeen years among the yellow men of her race, under the brute voice and violent hands of one Ho Ling. In every step and in her look was expectation of dreadful things, and very terrible were the lessons which life had taught her in those years which are our most beautiful. Yet, for all the starved face and the transfixed air, there was a lurking beauty about her, a something that called you. The black hair chimed against the olive skin like the rounding of a verse. The blue cotton frock and the broken shoes could not break the loveliness of her slender figure, though in all that region of wasted life and toil and decay there were but two who noticed her.

One of these was Cheng Huan, who had observed her from his window, and soon began to watch for her passing. And that beauty which all Limehouse had missed went straight to his heart, and cried itself into his very blood. The spirit of poetry broke sudden blossoms all about his wretched room. Bits of old song floated through his mind : little sweet verses of Le Tai-pih, murmuring of plum-blossom, rice-field, and stream. He made flowered names for her—Wine and Roses, Perfect Light of Day, and White Blossom. To her he dedicated an arrow from a virgin bow. In her behalf he squandered money for prayer-papers to burn before the joss in the corner. Day by day he would moon at his window, or shuffle about the streets, and would light to a flame when Lily passed and gave back to him his wondering regard and took tea with him in The Causeway; or would sink into abysmal sorrow if she did not come.

But it came to pass that there was another whose heart

was netted by her beauty, and that was Battling Burrows, the lightning welter-weight of Shadwell, the Prize Packet. Battling was the glory of Ratcliff, Poplar, and Limehouse, and the despair of his managers and backers. For he loved wine and woman and song, and the boxing world held that he couldn't last long on that. There was any amount of money in him, for his parasites, if only he would behave himself; and Chuck Lightfoot, his manager, had many a fierce tussle with him to hold him to his training quarters when he would fain be abroad in the flowery paths of Poplar Gardens. Wherefore, he was forced to fight on any and every occasion while he was good and a money-maker; for at any moment the crash might come, and his backers would be called upon to strip off that figurative "shirt" which at every contest they laid on their man. So when Battling wasn't drinking he was fighting; which left him very little time for the serious wooing of Lily Lily-Ling, the only girl, he had confessed, for whom he really, truly cared. He wanted her badly. So did Cheng Huan.

And Lily . . . well, Lily didn't know. She had walked in the Gardens with both of them, and had exchanged kisses. But somehow . . . Battling was strong and clever and popular, and he had money; but he was a white man. Cheng was poor and dreamy and unpopular; but he was of her own race. She would be glad to get away from the cruel Ho Ling by some means, but to which she should go she knew not. When she was with Cheng, she wanted Battling. When with Battling, it was Cheng who seemed desirable.

So it went on, and whenever the two men met in the Limehouse streets Battling would raise the lightning left that had made him famous and beetle upon the withering Chink. And when he had passed, Cheng would turn and make the sign of spitting and the five fingers.

But Fate saw the wooing of Lily, and intervened for her happiness; and this was the way of it. . . .

It was Saturday night in Limehouse, with a boat just in. Out of the coloured darkness of The Causeway stole the muffled wail of reed instruments. All was secrecy and half-tones: a fog of yellow faces and labial murmurings. The winter's day had died in a wrath of flame and cloud, and little points of light pricked the dusk. The

shuttered gloom of the Quarter showed strangely menacing. Yellow men glided and glided, with black and brown. Every whispering house seemed an abode of evil, and a sense of imminent peril hung on every step.

At the end of The Causeway was a house whose stairs ran straight to the street, the doorway lit by a single subtle lamp. At this house Cheng mostly took his pipe of "chandu," and a brief chat with Ho Ling, its keeper and also the keeper of Lily. The main room was a bit of the Orient squatting at the commercial portals of the greatest city of the Occident. Here a boat's crew might come and throw their wages over the fan-tan table, or take a shot of dope or other innocent delights. Here was the true Eastern spirit of cruelty and pity and tears. The atmosphere churned. The dirt of years, moist flesh, tobacco of many growings, opium, and betel-nut were allied in one grand assault on the nostrils. A purple dusk brooded over all, though the far glooms were here and there stung with lanterns. Low couches lay around the walls, and strange men decorated them, while noiseless attendants swam everywhere. The lazy murmur of voices in quick conversation came from various corners with the rattle of dice. On a table in the centre, beneath one of the lanterns, squatted a musician with a reed, blinking upon the company like a sly cat, and making his melody of six repeated notes.

But at the table by the door there was much un-Oriental noise. There was Cheng Huan, and with him were the fat proprietor, Ho Ling, and Lily Lily-Ling; and there also, most obviously, was Battling Burrows. For, above the rush of Cantonese pidjin, came a Maxim-like snapping of the crispest Cocknese.

"That's what I said, old melon-face. Let him fight, if he ain't afraid. I'm fed up on it, that's what I am. I'll fight anyone for her. Six rounds, ten, twenty, if yeh like. Nah then!" He swayed slightly, because of the juice of the grape that was in him. "Finish it—that's what I say. She won't say Yes and she won't say No. If she wants that miserable son of a gorilla, let her have him. On'y let her say so. And if she can't say, then I'll fight."

Ho Ling raised a fat yellow hand with the dignity of a mandarin.

"Honourable guests," he began, "honourable guests no fight. Ho Ling keep house for honourable guests, take heap lovely sport, entertainment, eat, drink, smoke, all same Union Club. You—you Battling Bullows, you say fight 'cos you know you win. You heap big fighter. Poh! No fair. What Lily Lily-Ling say?"

Lily sidled to the table, her little yellow hands playing at her throat, as she glanced from one to the other. Her flat but alluring face showed utter perplexity. "Lily not know," she murmured at last, scanning the giant Ho Ling's face, as though fearing she would do wrong whatever answer she gave.

"There y'are—see?" snapped Battling. "Now I want it settled—see?" He thrust an angry arm over the table. "If you won't fight, you measly little lemon-skinned down-and-outer, you pease-pudden face, then levant! I've eaten things like you in lettuces. I've seen things like you at Jamrach's. You've got a face that'd make a chimpanzee feel sorry. You was the thing what——"

"Honourable guest!" And Ho Ling began to smile. "Poh! Honourable guests play!" he cried. "Five cards, and highest show win Lily—eh? No? What Lily say?"

Lily, still immobile, nodded, and gave what seemed like a gurgle of delight. Ho Ling clapped, and gave an order. Cheng Huan moved to Lily, placed an arm about her, prattled for a moment in Cantonese jargon, and they reclined, young lip to young lip, in an embrace, until Battling extended his hand, shot the fingers out, and sent Cheng staggering many paces backward. Ho Ling raised a reproving hand. Then a figure swam from between the bead curtains that sheltered the upper chamber, carrying a pack of small Chinese cards.

The news galloped round the tables, and quickly they were deserted. The musician stopped warbling. The boys stopped dicing. Two pipe-smokers remained placid over their chandu and yen-tsiang. The rest of the room centred, in a tangle of oily heads, about the little wicker table by the door. Ho Ling took the cards, his fat, tall form raising him a head above the crowd. He cut them and dealt five to each man. Battling took his five, and curses dropped from his lips like spitting toads. He threw

first—a four. There was a bubble of exclamation as Cheng threw, defiantly, a two.

"Grrr, marmalade face! Serves yeh right! Won't win even now. Better put 'em on, like a sport, as I said, and have ten rounds." And he threw an eight.

The men pressed hard on them, and Cheng turned a little pale as he threw seven, and Battling followed it with a five. He raised an arm. "Back, Foo; back, Ah Tack."

Lily watched with impassive face, wondering whither the cards would send her—to the big Battling or the gracious Cheng.

"Move—move," pleaded Cheng again, as they hung heavily around him. He lifted a hand to his tunic, to loosen it at the throat, and threw a nine. Battling swore, and cleared the audience with a jerk of the elbow as he threw eight, followed by eight from Cheng. But they crowded still closer now, watching for the last show. It was not the excitement of the winning of a woman that held them. A woman—oh, well. . . . But the result of a gamble: that did interest them. They stood now—Cheng 26, and Battling 25. What would the final cards do?

Battling wiped his nose on his arm, and threw, airily, a nine. Cheng, with a wooden face, loosened his tunic, stretched his neck, and turned up his last card—ten.

There was a *whoosh* of indrawn breaths. The boxer was beaten. Cheng had won, and the girl was his. Battling swung back; lifted up his fist and voice, and declared his intention of giving the Chink a kick in the lip; but Ho Ling caught his arm and recalled him to a sense of the dignity of the situation. He opened the door. From the street came faint noise; clatter of feet; bits of honeyed talk. Then the curtains jerked, and Battling, delivering a sequence of really inspired curses, bundled down the stairs.

Well, Lily was Cheng's, and he took her home with him, and they were married at China Consulate; and there were rejoicings; wines, whisky, sweet cakes. And after the feast—ah! dancing in the glamorous evening; gay girls, flaunting and beribboned; songs and salutations; and at the last more whisky and a pipe. When the Oriental barbarity was at its height of heat and clang, Cheng slipped a hand to Lily, and they shuffled from the chief room of

the restaurant to the cold, glistening lamplight of the great East India Dock Road. They crossed to Pennyfields, and his blood rang with soft music and the solemnity of drums; for now, wanderer that he had been, from Tuan-tsen to Shanghai, Shanghai to Glasgow, Glasgow to London, now he had found his world's one flower. Rose-winged dreams were awakening to reality; so that he was glad and had great joy of himself and the blue and silver night and the harsh signs of the Poplar Hippodrome.

Softly they mounted to his room, and with an obeisance he drew her in. A bank of cloud raced to the East, and a full moon thrust a sword of light upon them. Silence lay over all Chinatown. With a bird-like movement Lily looked up at him, and in a moment she was in his arms, taking his kisses upon cheek and lip as a baby bird takes food from its mother; and great happiness was his.

In the morning when she awoke she gave a little cry of amazement. Her lord had been about. Many times had he glided up and down the two flights of stairs, and now at last his room was prepared for his princess's uprising. It was swept and garnished, and was worthy a maid loved by a poet. There were robes of blue and yellow silk for her. There was a bead curtain. There were muslins of pink and white to the windows. There were four bowls of flowers—clean, clear flowers, to gladden White Blossom and set off her exotic beauty.

When she had risen, her prince ministered to her with rice and egg and tea. Cleansed and robed and calm, she sat before him, perched on the edge of many cushions, as on a throne, with all the grace of the child-princess of a story. She was a poem. The beauty hidden by neglect and fatigue and cruelty shone out now more clearly. From the black rounded head to the small yellow feet, now bathed and stockinged, she seemed the living interpretation of a Chinese lyric. And she was Cheng's. Oh, beautiful was their love!

But now, on the fourth day after the card-drawing, there were those who twitted Battling Burrows. They twitted him with the loss of Lily, and they twitted him for being put to sleep in the fifth round by young Bud Tiffit at the Netherlands, where a twenty-round contest had been fixed. His pals twitted and his backers grumbled; and all spoke

to him in Cocknese and profane, the only languages that pugilistic people talk. As for his manager, Chuck Lightfoot, *he* called him . . . but perhaps we had better leave that. Anyway, Battling was extremely angry: angry with everybody, including himself, and with the existing order of things in this and other worlds. So he went from bar to bar in that grey street that was once known as Ratcliff Highway; and there he put down gin, and thumped the bar, and addressed his hangers-on regarding his grievances. And they agreed that he was right; and when they agreed, he got angrier still. So it was more gin. He held that he could have won the fight all right if his seconds hadn't gone thus or done this. And, look here, if they jolly well thought that he was upset because he had been bested by a yellow man over that girl—well, they were jolly well wrong. Who cared about a yellow man? Yellow! It was his supreme condemnation, his final epithet; for his birth and education in Shadwell had taught him that of all creeping things that creep upon the earth there is none more insidious than the Oriental in the West. And, thinking thus, and all his faculties being driven by the horrible gin of "The Galloping Horses," he rose from the bar, and announced his intention of learning that yellow man what for.

He marched with conquering, if erratic, step down the throttled byway of West India Dock Road. Up the crazy stairs he clumped and slithered, beating back Mr. Tai Fu who sought to restrain him. He lurched into the room that was now Cheng Huan's and Lily Lily-Cheng's. At first the room seemed empty; then he saw Lily—alone.

Behold him lurching upon her. Behold him slobbering to her, in explanation of his drunkenness and his ruined life and unhappiness. Behold her, shrinking from him, with little low exclamations of terror. Behold him, grasping her in his steely arms, using her with the rage of the man who is softly answered.

But now . . . a whisper of quick feet on the stairs. Behold the masterful husband, the man of celestial dignity, no longer a shy poet, but an outraged prince. There was a sharp cry behind the combatants. Battling's hands fell. He turned. At the top of the stairs, one foot within the door, face peering, mouth screwed, stood Cheng Huan.

He howled, and sprang into the room. He slid to Lily, grasped her and drew her against him. Instinctively, Battling put his hands up and took a ring attitude. Cheng saw the movement and understood. This Battling would fight him in his English way. Well, Cheng would fight in his own way, and avenge the disgrace consequent upon the mauling of his White Blossom by this Fang-Kouei-Tzé. For some moments the men stared at one another, Battling truculent, hands and face working; Cheng immobile. Lily shrank to a corner, her little silk dress drawn about her slender limbs.

Battling took a preliminary step, playing for an immediate knock-out. "Come on, old Chinky. Put 'em up, yeh melon-faced baboon, put 'em up. Yer going through it this time, all right. I gotcher fixed this time."

But Cheng did not put 'em up. He fell back till he stood by the little cupboard where Lily knelt. His right hand disappeared. Mr. Jamrach, dealer in wild live-stock, does not get all the live-stock that comes across on Dai Nippons and P. and O.'s. Otherwise, Cheng would not be as happy as he is to-day.

His right hand reappeared under his tunic. It quarrelled nervously with Something. Then it shot forward, and Something went full at Battling's throat. Eighteen inches of writhing gristle leapt through the air, and got home on the Prize Packet, even as Bud Tuffit had done —one-two, ding-dong. In the shock of the moment Battling went down. The Something crawled about him, and fastened at his wrist, then at his throat, then—then he grabbed it. It writhed and writhed hideously, and the great champion screamed with fear. Hero that he was, this new horror had found him out. He rolled, and fought to find his feet while fighting the Something; but, move as he would, the Something was at him all the time.

Then, with a spasmodic heave, he got to his feet, and drew his knife. The snake was about his arm; he slashed at it, and missed, and blubbered, while Cheng stood away and smiled. The second cut got there. The snake fell, and he dashed for the door. Cheng, still smiling, shot a lightning foot. Battling fell again, and again the snake was upon him; but this time he was up, dashed it away, and, with a quick twist, brought the great knife down to

Cheng's left side. There was a rip of cloth. Cheng dropped. Lurching and blubbering, Battling bolted, with a sub-conscious resolve to sign the pledge.

And now Lily Lily-Cheng awoke and screamed and would have fainted. But Cheng was up and at her side at once. He gathered her in his arms, as one would a flower, and soothed her with gentle phrases. Her little hands ran all about him, fearing for her lord's safety. The knife—the knife—where did it go? He was wounded—yes—he would die?

But no. No—no—no! He opened his tunic, showing the long slit made by Battling's knife. He displayed his yellow shirt, which showed no mark at all. He displayed the inside of his tunic, and there hung something that had been sliced through and had saved his celestial heart.

"Cheng's mascots, O White Blossom of the Moon. Cheng's mascots. Mascots all same joss. Mascots give Cheng Lily for bride. Save Cheng's life for Lily."

With quick fingers he detached them from the pin that held them and showed them to the wondering Lily. Then, with salutations, he placed them before the little joss in the corner. They were two small Chinese cards, such as could be slipped from the tunic, while loosening it at the neck in a hot room—the nine and ten which, produced at the right moment, had won for him the game in Ho Ling's saloon and had given him his White Blossom for life.

He picked up the crawling snake, and stowed it in its basket which stood beneath the cupboard. He stretched hands to Lily, who trotted to him. He laughed.

"Ha-ha. Honourable Battling come here no more. Snake make him plenty frightened. Heap skeered. Not know snake got no teeth, no fang. Ha-ha! Kiss me, Pao-pei, Blossom of the Moon—kiss me nine and ten times!"

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

As usual, the last two or three weeks before Easter were musically inactive, but the resumption of opera in English at the Aldwych Theatre, and a correspondence in one of the evening papers, combine to infuse the interest of actuality into the perennial question of an English musical idiom. It is agreed that the music produced in these islands once ranked with the best in Europe, and possessed at the same time certain qualities that were more or less characteristic. It is also agreed that in spite of recent activities we could not substantiate either claim to-day. But the moment one passes to the discussion of diagnosis or remedy the controversial missiles commence to fly. Some favour the organised resuscitation of the old music as a starting-point, oblivious of the fact that all art-history proves deliberate archaism to be the most sterile of cults. Others, with more reason, turn to the spontaneous music of the countryside, which has the advantage of being alive, though much of it is a mere survival, out of touch with present-day conditions. There is, however, one aspect of the question which has not been adequately studied. The disappearance of our English idiom coincides approximately with the development of instrumental music, which was obviously more accessible to foreign influences. English songs preserved their native character long after English instrumental music had toed the line of Continental precedent. Is it unreasonable to deduce an intimate connection between the language of the country and its true musical idiom?

Instrumental music has exercised a similar influence everywhere. Even the free declamation that held sway for so long in the various Churches had to submit to being handcuffed by the limitations of instruments. As the most important developments took place in Germany, their effect is less noticeable in German music, where the instrumental

idiom has preserved the melodic outline of German song. Between a Beethoven Andante and one of the sentimental nature-songs which are so plentiful in German folk-music the difference is of degree, but not of type. Yet even in Germany the tyranny of the newer methods pressed heavily upon vocal music. Most of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, or Brahms treat the human voice as a musical instrument rather than a vehicle of poetry. Latterly, Hugo Wolf fought a heroic battle against overwhelming odds to restore the balance, but the recent output of German composers does not indicate a complete victory for his creed. It would be nearer the truth to say that the proximity of the two idioms to one parental type has facilitated compromise.

In Russia the same fight, in which Moussorgsky played the part of Hugo Wolf, has contributed materially to the development of the national music, which furnishes valuable precedents for ourselves. In France the struggle was never acute, because the French language, with its absence of sharp stresses, exercises less control over the melodic idioms to which it is set. It accommodates itself readily to smooth phrases, whatever their origin. That is the chief reason why French music, from the Restoration to the Second Empire, sank into a veritable trough of facile tune, which cosmopolitan Jews, like Meyerbeer and Offenbach, each in his own sphere, used to their own language. When the reaction came, it was in favour of the phonetic subtlety of French speech rather than its idiomatic character. It is the accompaniment, not the vocal line, of Debussy and his contemporaries that constitutes their idiom. Their vocal line is practically declamation, free in its spirit, but notated for performance. That avenue of escape is closed for us by the uncompromising nature of the accent in our language.

At present very little has been done to find an English solution to the problem of our musical idiom. Practically all our songs are instrumental solos for the voice. The text has to be read simultaneously in the "book of words" if one is really curious about the song, and such curiosity is not often justified. Lines which have no phonetic quality in common are set to the same phrases because their metre happens to fit. When the composer avoids placing a word like "spring" on a top note he considers that he has

gone as far as can reasonably be expected of him. There are, of course, exceptions. Occasionally, one discovers evidence that a composer has been inspired, and not merely metrically drilled, by his text, and those of whom this can be said are, whether consciously or not, doing far more towards the disentanglement of the English idiom from foreign fungoids than a legion of "restorationists" and folk-tune enthusiasts. A song that has the true lilt of the English vernacular, with its vigorous emphasis, its overwhelming preponderance of diphthongs over pure vowel sounds, and of sibilants and explosive initial consonants over liquids, and its tendency to treat unimportant syllables with a full realisation of their unimportance, is probably a song in the English idiom, though possibly it may have to await recognition as such. We are so wedded to the melodic *clichés* of instrumental music that at first we are almost inclined to resent their absence, much as ballad singers resent the absence of the penultimate high note that is to bring them bouquets.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Suvla Bay (ii)

By Juvenis

Just before dawn I took a little stroll, by way of having a look round our new quarters, and was surprised, on my return, to feel the prick of a bayonet. It was one of my own men who had been indulging in a similar curiosity, and hoped he had captured a sniper. My language aroused the platoon, who stood to arms.

When the sun came up we began a stormy sorting of the water-bottles. Alas! there were not enough to go round all four platoons, and some of the ones that were present were almost empty. I myself was rather surprised to see any left at all, in view of the hurried manner of their filling at Headquarters and the endless, unholy scramble we had had to bring them back in the dark across the wilderness. There were those, however, of my fellow-subalterns who were reluctant to share my opinion on the subject. Anyhow, we agreed to divide the remaining bottles equally among the platoons and never to get water in the same way again. But this arrangement meant, of course, that some men had water while others had none. For my own platoon, it seemed best to pool all the water in some large, empty biscuit-tins, buried in the earth for coolness' sake, in the neighbourhood of my so-called dug-out, and to divide it among the men at certain definite periods of the day. Thus a compulsory economy of water was inflicted upon the very thirsty that must have been extremely irritating. On the other hand, they could be more sure of having a little left to mitigate their thirst at an advanced period of the day. The water-bottles were to be stacked at the same place, to be regarded as the property of the community and not of individuals, and to be filled by a fatigue party whenever opportunity was presented to replenish the biscuit-tins. Meanwhile, any derelict water-bottles of casualties or fools that might be found lying about were to be deposited there too; then, when there were enough bottles to go round, and the habit of husbanding the water had been instilled, they would again become the property of the individuals, which is what eventually happened. These details are dull and

childish to read now, but were, at the time, a matter of life and death.

As remarked before, there was no room in the front line for my platoon, so we went in reserve into a tiny gully a hundred yards behind, scooping out shelters in the side of the gully. The nature of the ground and the absence of proper digging implements (we had "entrenching tools," of course, on our equipment) made trenches and dug-outs impossible. The soil was a light shale and sand that split and crumbled indefinitely, leaving a jagged surface most uncomfortable to the recumbent figure. As yet there were no sticks for props, nor any tin, nor planks, shovels, or picks. Still, there were several stones for parapets and walls, and after a while we were fairly sniper-proof.

There appeared to be a Turkish trench along a spur, running down to the sea, parallel to our own, a little farther along the ridge we occupied. But the scrub was very thick just there and I could not see. It may have been merely a line of snipers: presumably the rest of the company in the front trench knew all about it.

In the sea, below us on our immediate left (my company was about half-way between the sea and the summit of the ridge and had a company on either side of it), lay a torpedo-boat destroyer. I have never felt so great an affection for a boat as I did then for that one. She used to signal news to us (and rumours); she signalled warnings of the doings of the Turks on our immediate front; and at the slightest hint she would steam slowly round, show her back teeth to the Turks, and let off a few rounds at various snipers' strongholds on the hill. But she had even more sterling qualities than this. All night long she fixed her search-lights on the ground between us and the Turks, whom she shelled devotedly at any sign of restlessness on their part. Last, but not least, she *gave us water to drink*, for the whole battalion, rowing it ashore in a little boat and pumping it thence into a sail-bath on the beach; so that, though we were still parched with thirst, this gift staved off disaster; and when the men went down to the beach to carry it up to us there was usually a cigarette, a pipeful of tobacco, and once even an old newspaper to be had from one or other of the sailors. The only newspaper that I saw in Gallipoli contained an account of the Welsh coal strike: "100,000 men idle" ran across the top of the leading page! Many of my

men were coal-miners themselves, and it was lucky for that idle 100,000 that many thousand miles of water (salt, alas! not drinkable) separated them. I wondered what would happen when they met again—those that were left of them.

The first day in these amateur trenches seemed even hotter than usual. Perhaps this was due to the complete absence of shade. In the morning a party was sent back for our rations. It was a very long and rough way that they had to go in the burning heat. The path was hardly worthy of the name, and the expedition was a long time on the way.

The rations had to be carried on the men's backs in large packing-cases; and it seemed a pity that a nation which produces khaki Bibles did not subdue the glaring white of these wooden boxes with the same forethought.

On this particular day, however, none of the ration-carriers was hit. Though, when at last they came staggering down with them at midday, some of them doubtless wished they had been. I remember one poor fellow falling down unconscious by my dug-out. He could not swallow any water that might have revived him, the inside of his mouth and throat being too swollen to admit a drop, but after sundry operations with broken ration biscuits there was just room to coax a little water down, and after a while he came to. The rest of the party were almost as bad. I believe it was due to our inability to eat enough of the salt beef to keep really strong.

The parties who went down to the nearer beach on our immediate left were better off. They could wallow in drinking-water from the sail-bath and have a delicious bathe in the sea, besides the chance of a cigarette. Unfortunately, the size of these parties had to be strictly limited, and it was some days before we all could get a bathe. Another drawback was that one was liable to be hit by a sniper while bathing, though, considering the number of men who did bathe, and the good it did them, such casualties were rare enough to be negligible.

On the afternoon of this day someone dropped an ash in the scrub. In half a second yards of scrub were alight, tearing headlong up the hill among the stunted oak and veitch: luckily we managed to put out the fire by emptying sandbags broadcast in its path; otherwise, in a few minutes our whole position would have been most uncomfortable,

and we should have been half-burnt, without a vestige of cover to conceal our movements from the hidden Turks.

I retired with grimy hands and smarting eyes to my dug-out, to meditate upon the strange mutability of human affairs, wherein the course of a campaign may be altered by the dropping of an ash.

Next day was much the same, except that I went down to the beach and had a bathe. The pleasure of taking off one's clothes for the first time for seven days was enormous; but the delight of the bathe itself quite indescribable. I swam a great deal under water, being, perhaps, a trifle over-timorous of the wily snipers on the cliff.

The climb up from the beach made me almost as hot as before I had bathed, and I was puffing and blowing when I reached the company commander's lair where we were to meet for tea. It could not rightly be called a dug-out, funk-hole, or anything but a lair. He had chosen a place where several bushes, larger than the rest, grew together by the side of a little dried-up water-course. The bushes were of a species of Portuguese laurel, with pale coral-coloured bark; and among these did our company commander make his lair, preferring cover from sun to cover from fire.

That afternoon, as he crawled out from among the shady bushes on all fours, with a reddish, bristly beard (water was far too scarce to waste by shaving), to greet his subalterns, he looked like some forest denizen being discovered by a party of explorers.

There was just room for us to creep inside the lair, and we discussed a tin of sardines that had cropped up miraculously from Headquarters, some jam, and many ration-biscuits; also tea.

Our company commander's pleasure at this sumptuous meal was somewhat marred by a brooding terror that made him announce at last that he would have to leave his dug-out. By way of explanation he pointed to the floor in the corner. There, in about nine pieces, lay the remains of a scaly vermilion monster, which he described as having been, when alive, a huge and ferocious centipede, with which he had been battling since midday. The thought of our gallant captain's lonely and terrible struggle with this horrible creature reduced us all to a state of speechlessness.

That evening I was sent with the platoon to Battalion

Headquarters on the crest of the ridge to support the machine-gun section. The gun itself was in a sandbag emplacement, where there had been a few casualties from the snipers, who were very active on the other side of the ridge. We had to be on the sky-line along the razor-like edge of the hill that dropped down steeply on each side. The ground was too rocky for trenches, so we lay behind a line of stones and boulders on the edge of the ridge at night, with bayonets fixed, the sentries being obliged to lie down for once, owing to our peculiar position. The idea was, in case of an attack, to charge down, without shooting, at the advancing enemy.

When darkness came I lay looking over the edge of the hill, with my head between two stones, into the valley and over the plain and the Salt Lake to the hills beyond. I was facing about south, but a little to the east.

The expected attack did not take place that night. Expected attacks never do.

Next day water was scarce, but we were getting more used to privation. We got a little from the beach, which was now twice as far away, and a little red and green water sent up from Headquarters, with orders to boil before drinking. I believe this precaution saved us a lot of dysentery, though it was on that day that I began to feel prostrated with dysentery myself.

The day lacked interest. We felt very useless and unenterprising where we were. We heard that in the plain our line had been compelled to withdraw a little way. Apparently the great bush fires had something to do with it.

We had a few more casualties from snipers, and the adjutant got a gash from a rifle-bullet in the forehead : but this did not prevent him being as busy as ever. He seemed to do everybody's work, yet never to interfere with anyone.

After another day and night in this position we heard we were to be relieved. I was very glad, for dysentery and wakefulness were making me feel tired. I rejoined the company with my platoon, and eventually we were relieved by the remains of two battalions that had seen hard fighting in the plain. It was in the company of these regiments that I had spent the voyage eastward, and I looked out for friends among the long line of men that filed past us along the path. They were all gone but one.

We found that our withdrawal from this advanced posi-

tion was only for a few hundred yards, where we relieved another battalion "entrenched" along the top of the same ridge a little farther back. Here we spent a long time in burying their bully-beef tins and other refuse, and in advancing their line of defence, so that we could see over, and hold, the actual crest of the ridge. At this point a few picks and shovels came along, and, with the help of these and a few loose stones, we made a fair barricade along the razor-edge. But rumours of a coming bombardment, accentuated by the presence of a couple of Taube aeroplanes, made it necessary to be dug in properly—an impossibility, just there, without regular quarrying tools, the picks quickly becoming shapeless. However, one or two crowbars appeared suddenly from nowhere and the work of entrenching went on slowly, but satisfactorily, increasing our thirst to an incredible extent as the dust got into our throats.

After a while I went along to the doctor's dug-out to get some anti-dysentery pills, and found that he had gone sick himself the day before. But his substitute gave me various mixtures to swallow, and told me to report my progress at intervals.

Next day was remarkable for the arrival of our "first reinforcements" from the Isle of Lemnos. The number of my platoon was swelled to sixty-three, and the obvious delight of the reinforcements at being in such a beautiful place (compared with Lemnos) and at meeting their friends once more bucked us all up and made us feel that it wasn't such a bad place after all. It was as though a ration of champagne had been issued to all ranks.

When morning at last came, the morning of August 15th, a Sunday, I crawled to the doctor again for more pills. He said I would have to retire for a rest to the beach next day, unless matters suddenly improved. In the meantime he gave me a gigantic pill.

On my return to the company mess I found we were to move.

We filed down into the hollow, just by the lower arm of our Z, past "B" company's trenches, where I had just time for a few hurried "Good mornings!" A little mountain-gun appeared on their trench's parapet, jumping about as it went off, kicking up clouds of sand and a great noise.

We crossed their trench and advanced into the low scrub

to a little hollow where the company commander was waiting for us. Just as I was jumping across the trench one of the gunner officers advised me to take off my collar and tie if I wanted to return, so as to be more like the men; so I unfastened them, as we went on, and put them into my pocket.

The company commander told me that the Turks were entrenched straight ahead of us. "A" and "D" companies formed the front attacking line—"A" company on the slope of the hill and "D" company carrying down the line into the valley. Two of our ("D") company platoons had gone on already. I was to deploy mine at once and advance in support.

There was no time for the elaboration of details. We came under fire as we deployed. In front of us was a gradual downward slope for about 250 yards, and then a long, flat, open space which rose to a large spur some 800 yards ahead. This presumably was the Turkish position. To our left, rising up above us fairly steeply, and continuing all the way, was the ridge we had just been holding. We were advancing now parallel to it, along its foot. The ground was covered with low scrub, and here and there an open patch of sand or withered grass.

My platoon deployed on either side of me, and we began our advance, stumbling over the rough ground. As we proceeded it became impossible to keep a perfect line. Now and then a clump of bush or a hollow in the ground hid the men from their neighbours. Some places were so exposed that it was necessary to race across them at full speed. Others so thorny and rocky as to be almost impassable. So that it can easily be understood how important each man's own initiative and perseverance was. Orders by word of mouth were, of course, impossible in the din of the guns and the bursting shells, the incessant and voluminous roar of rifle-fire, and the whole orchestra of bullets and ricochets and shell-splinters that streamed past us or danced at our feet. Orders by signal were equally and utterly futile, seeing that one could rarely be visible to more than four of one's men at once. So that for all intents and purposes each man was his own master, as never before in his military existence; and of all the men whom I could see that day none could have been better led than they were by their own good sense and sense of duty.

In view of the nature of the ground, the tactics of the enemy and their complete invisibility, a steady and continuous advance seemed best. The bullets from rifles and machine-guns were descending in a curtain over the ground that we were covering. The sand was dancing about our feet; dust and smoke were leaping up in little clouds; shrapnel was bursting overhead, and a great deal of small shell was falling innocuously enough, but with a terrifying trumpeting, in every direction. To lie down seemed as dangerous as to walk on, and certainly less useful. For we could see no Turks to shoot, even had we no friends in our immediate front, whose line we were to strengthen, and who, to judge their casualties by our own, would badly need that reinforcement.

To the left front, where the ground rose and the scrub grew thin, I could just make out the long line of "A" company's advance, and, looking back, "B" and "C" companies just deployed and coming down the slope behind us. Straight ahead I could see no troops at all.

Suddenly a broad patch opened out before us, covered with shrivelled grass that shone white in the sun. There were half-a-dozen of my men close by me, and we raced across it for dear life.

The presence of bullets is far more obvious when they kick up the dust on a broad open patch like that; for my own part, I longed to be the other side of it, especially as we had to pass a most unsavoury spectacle on the way—two dead soldiers, an Englishman and a Turk, lying alone together in the grilling sun. They must have been lying thus for many days, and their blackened faces were in hideous contrast with the bright new khaki drill and helmet —two snipers, I suppose, or scouts.

A cloud of gaudy flies buzzed up as we ran past, and I thought that nothing mattered so long as I did not fall just there. At length we reached the farther side, where the ground became once more uneven and covered with scrub, rising a little.

Then, on the right, a few yards off, I saw the edge of the platoon we were to support, lying extended in a firing position, and decided to prolong their line to the left, rather than thicken their present one—seeing that there was a gap to be filled and the enemy's fire was coming thick and fast.

I looked round to see if the rest of my platoon on the

left was coming up. They had not got the open patch to cross, and, consequently, could not come up so fast as we.

Suddenly I was hit in the right shoulder and knocked over; the blood poured like a fountain down my sleeve. One of the men rushed up and helped me off with my equipment and jacket. I thought the brachial artery was hit, and felt exhausted. As a matter of fact, it cannot have been; but my arm was broken. I sent the man on to join the firing line, and looked at my wrist-watch; the time was a quarter to two. We had been three-quarters of an hour in action.

Just then I saw one of my men staggering about with a frantic expression in his eyes. The two canvas bandoliers, full of ammunition, slung round his body, were ablaze, and he was wrestling to get them off. He disappeared.

I did not notice much more until I felt a wallop on the side of the head, and my helmet rolled off. "A piece of shell," I thought, "and probably in my brain." Blood ran over my face, and I began to wonder how on earth a man could tell whether he had been killed or not. At length I decided that I was alive, and, picking up my helmet, made an examination. There were two neat little holes in it, such as are made by rifle-bullets. At this point I realised that I was lying upon a little eminence, from which, in view of the ceaseless sighing and caterwauling of bullets past my head, I judged it prudent to descend.

My arm, which was entirely bereft of feeling, and seemed to be unattached, I hitched into my braces, and eventually was on my feet. I started to descend the eminence. Hardly had I gone ten yards down when I felt a terrific crash on the left hip. "That," I thought, "must be an entire shell," as I was knocked down into a clump of blue teasle. I put my left hand down to examine the damage, and pulled a bundle of letters, now covered with blood, from my trouser-pocket. A neat hole pierced them, of exactly the shape and size of a rifle-bullet travelling sideways.

A wild panic and desire to escape from bullets seized me. I managed to get on to my feet, or rather foot, once more and to proceed for a few paces. Then faintness overcame me, and I fell again.

When recovered, I looked at the time, but found the watch was broken. With my left hand I managed to erect a little pile of small stones between my head and the Turks,

and began to take stock of the situation. It was now presumably about two o'clock. The sun would be uncomfortably hot till seven or eight. It might be dark by nine, until it was dark there was no hope of stretcher-bearers. They would not be allowed up during the incessant fire. There were, then, at least seven hours to wait.

With my free hand I took off my puttees at my leisure and wound them round my head. This would serve as bandage, turban, and pillow. Next came the ampule of iodine, which I broke and poured into my shoulder through the torn shirt. It seemed to attract the flies, who came, green- and blue-bottles, in dozens to the feast. I began to stink horribly in the sun. I lay listening.

Rifle-bullets and streams of machine-gun fire poured over me, but I was just in cover, I think, from these. Now and then a shell would burst a little nearer than the rest, and one once fell almost at my feet, covered me with sand, but failed to explode. I watched it carefully for some time in case there had been a mistake in timing the fuse; but it never burst. Once a few puffs of blue smoke, and the scent of burning thyme drifted into my nostrils. The scene of the burning plain flashed into my mind. I turned my head to watch. The tiny flames in the wild thyme met a little patch of sand and died away; there was luckily no wind that day.

Thirst was the greatest hardship. It may interest those whose relations are wounded to know that broken limbs and a cracked head do not hurt till hospital. Those interested in "The Angels at Mons" may be glad to hear that there were angels at Suvla Bay—mere mirages coming to thirsty wounded men, the forms of dainty nurses tripping through the scrub, among the bullets, with neat, red-crossed aprons, carrying bowls of nectar to assuage our thirst.

I saw few real people while lying in that place. Occasionally a straggler would come and ask where such and such a company was, and I would send him on ahead. At length, at dusk, not far off, I heard the shouts and screams of a bayonet charge confusedly above me, and a little later the rattle of entrenching tools. The fire died down. I heard a little rustle in the bush behind me. It was the water-carriers. A real boy with real water came and knelt beside me, giving me drink and talking to me and putting a haversack for my pillow.

After a while I sent him off, because I was stinking so vilely, telling him to let someone know where I was in case the wounded could be moved that night. My shoulder was by this time full of maggots.

Though there was no other wounded man in sight, the whole valley was resounding with that ghastly cry, "Stretcher-bearers! Stretcher-bearers!" and awful curses. All day, when the din of firing sank a little, I had heard it. It went on all night until the dawn. The valley was full of groaning. No stretcher-bearers came; there were not enough, and they were not allowed. I began to give up hope of leaving the spot where I lay, being sure that another day's sun would be too much; besides, it was really No-man's Land, and had been under fire for a week by day. I turned over and lay on my face in the sand.

I was aroused by footsteps near by, and the most welcome sound of a fellow-subaltern's voice, together with that of the company commander and the sergeant-major.

They put me in the bottom of a blanket, eight of them, and carried me back in the dark over the rough ground, to a little hollow where were a wounded subaltern and a wounded major and many other wounded.

Just before dawn they moved us farther back again—this time in a waterproof sheet. Here, at dawn, the doctor gave me two pills of morphia, and the subaltern something much more welcome—a little brandy in a flask.

We lay there talking, discussing the battle and asking about our friends.

When the sun came up at last a stretcher party came, and at about breakfast-time they took me down the long, rough pathway to the beach, where our guns were emplaced and drawing the Turks' fire uncomfortably close to the clearing station. Many poor stretcher-bearers were hit that day. After a long grilling on the shelterless beach, where the wounded were lying thicker and more numerous than any crowd at the most fashionable seaside resort in England ever was, they put me on a jetty. Thence, after an hour, into a rowing-boat, which was eventually taken in tow with several others to a goodly hospital ship, where a little crane hoisted me, stretcher and all, aboard. Late that afternoon my uniform was cut off, myself partially washed, and my wounds at last tied up; and when it was dark the hospital ship steamed out of Suvla Bay.

Efficiency and Vice

By Arnold White

In serious circles our countrymen contend that England will beat Germany because Germany is wicked and the English, if not the salt of the earth, are "good" men. Still, the connection between virtue and victory is invisible when bad men are consummately efficient in the business of killing. The defeat of enemies is an art, like shoemaking. But a shoemaker's vices, so long as they do not interfere with the quality and price of his footwear, do not affect his trade. The conception of a good man as being one who loves all the world is quite beautiful. But it does not work on a planet infested by Germans. This earth might be the result of a bet between two drunken gods as to who would make the most miserable world, and a German ridden earth would win the wager.

What we have to consider is not Germany's wickedness, but her efficiency. At the same time, it is essential that we should understand the nature of the moral and spiritual invasion of these islands which Germans are conducting with unrelenting pertinacity in the hope of undermining the intellectual and moral stamina of our young men.

When the Christian faith was communicated to the Goths by Ulphilas, their bishop and apostle, he executed the arduous task of translating the Scriptures into the Goths' native tongue—a dialect of the German Teutonic language. The excellent bishop, however, did not give to the Goths the Scriptures intact. He prudently suppressed the four Books of Kings, on the ground that the fierce and sanguinary spirit of the barbarians might have been influenced to new atrocities by reading the four inflammatory volumes. Suppression was useless. The annals of the

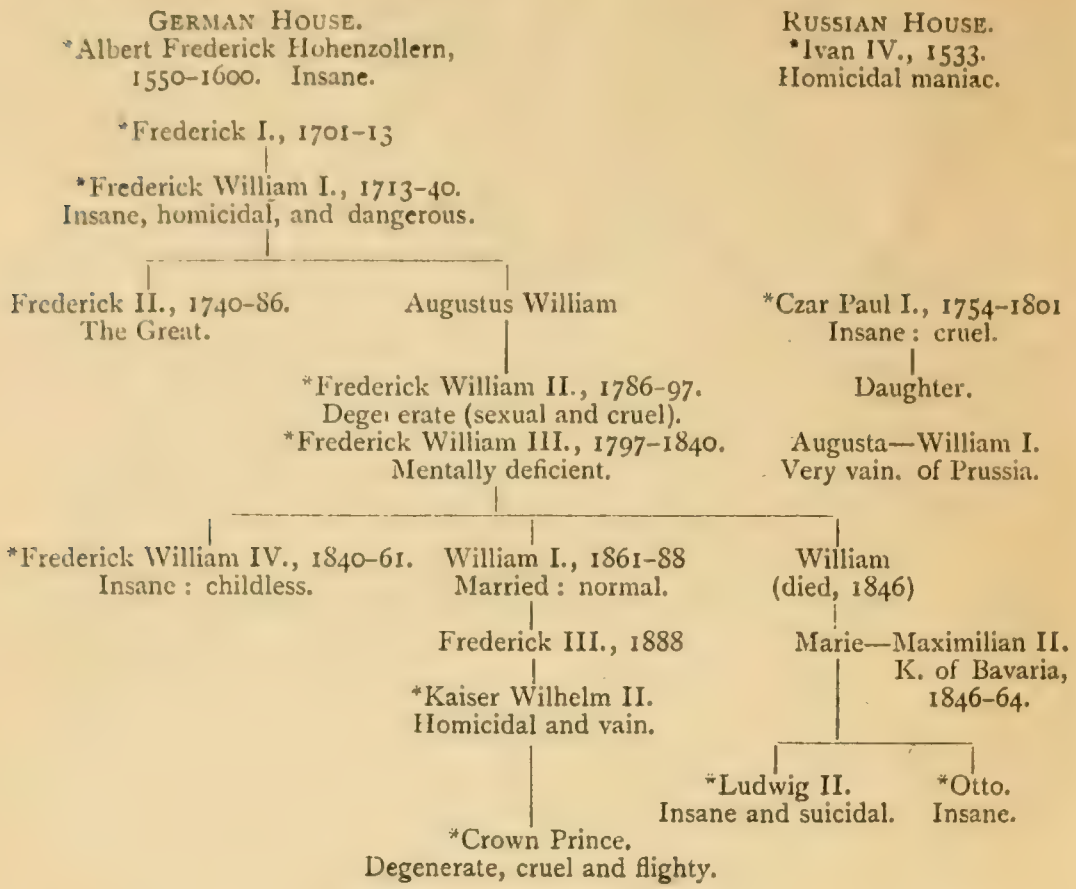
Hebrew Kings penetrated the land of the Huns. Modern Germans have proved themselves apt pupils of Ahab and of Benhadad, who "drank himself drunk in the pavilions, he and the thirty and two kings that helped him." Of the vices of the Cities of the Plain Palestine taught nothing to Potsdam.

The theory that a blameless and pacifist life makes for success in war won't hold water. Germans may complacently ignore the dislike of all nations for all time, if they only win and hold their winnings. Many English, apparently, prefer to lose the war provided their defeat is the result of adhering to copy-book rules. No nation really understands any other nation, and the British have always been at a disadvantage by failing to understand the dominant characteristics of foreigners, especially of the Teutonic people. Carlyle is responsible for much of the English ignorance about Germany. Lord Haldane is also responsible in no small degree. He, at all events, understood the intellectual and other pleasures irrevocably associated with the spiritual home of his choice. Having looked upon them and pronounced them good, he declared to his fellow-subjects that his spiritual domicile was not English, but in Germany, where the urnings come from.

One revolting phase of German life is the aberrations of an ever-increasing rout of erotomaniacs. A celebrated German jurist of Hanover, named Ulrich, has written a series of pamphlets advocating unnatural unions between woman and woman and between man and man. He coined the term "urnings," the name by which these erotomaniacs, who are sufficiently numerous to exercise a great influence on German society, politics, and public opinion, are known all over Central Europe.

Two German writers, Otto Weininger, who wrote "Sex and Character," and Iwan Bloch, M.D., a physician in Charlottenburg, Berlin, have set forth the modern German view of the relations of the sexes. Both these books have run to six editions. Otto Weininger committed suicide at the age of twenty-three. Suicide or the madhouse are the stigmata that seem to set the seal on German genius, and lend authority to guide and lead a nation content to be ruled by the House of Hohenzollern with insanity in its blood.

The family tree of the Hohenzollerns deserves more publicity than it has ever obtained. Here it is :—


GERMAN HOUSE.
*Albert Frederick Hohenzollern, 1550–1600. Insane.
*Frederick I., 1701–13
*Frederick William I., 1713–40. Insane, homicidal, and dangerous.
Frederick II., 1740–86. The Great.
Augustus William
*Frederick William II., 1786–97. Degenerate (sexual and cruel).
*Frederick William III., 1797–1840. Mentally deficient.
*Frederick William IV., 1840–61. Insane : childless.
William I., 1861–88 Married : normal.
Frederick III., 1888
*Kaiser Wilhelm II. Homicidal and vain.
*Crown Prince. Degenerate, cruel and flighty.
RUSSIAN HOUSE.
*Ivan IV., 1533. Homicidal maniac.
*Czar Paul I., 1754–1801 Insane : cruel.
Daughter.
Augusta—William I. Very vain. of Prussia.
William (died, 1846)
Marie—Maximilian II. K. of Bavaria, 1846–64.
*Ludwig II. Insane and suicidal.
*Otto. Insane.

* Indicates the family taint of insanity.

Weininger's book is an attempt to construct a system of sexual characterology on the broadest scientific bases with all the resources of modern philosophy. It has none of the character of a youthful work, and is regarded in Germany as a great philosophical, biological, and social work of the first rank. The author himself claims that he has placed the relations of sex in a new and decisive light. The discussions concerning the emancipation of women, sexuality, the relation of women to culture, and so forth, are deprived of their data by this publication, which professes to give a definite solution to the feminine problem, a solution altogether alien to the field of inquiry wherein the answer has hitherto been sought.

Weininger's theory is that woman cannot love. He says :—

"The foregoing involves the proposition that woman cannot love. Women have made no ideal of man to correspond with the male conception

of the Madonna. What woman requires from man is not purity, chastity, morality, but something else. Woman is incapable of desiring virtue in a man.

"It is almost an insoluble riddle that woman, herself incapable of love, should attract the love of man. It has seemed to me a possible myth or parable, that in the beginning, when men became men by some miraculous act of God, a soul was bestowed only on them. Men, when they love, are partly conscious of this deep injustice to woman, and make the fruitless but heroic effort to give her their own soul. But such a speculation is outside the limits of either science or philosophy.

"I have now shown what woman does not wish; there remains to show what she does wish, and how this wish is diametrically opposed to the will of man."

Women, says the author, have made no ideal of man to correspond with male conception of Madonna:—

"Sexual excess is held to be the most desirable characteristic of a man of the world, and sexuality has attained such pre-eminence that a man is doubted unless he can, as it were, show proofs of his prowess, Chastity, on the other hand, is so despised that many a really pure lad attempts to appear a *blasé roué*. It is even true that those who are modest are ashamed of the feeling; but there is another, the modern form of shame—not the eroticist's shame, but the shame of the woman who has no lover, who has not received appraisement from the opposite sex. Hence it comes that men make it their business to tell each other what a right and proper pleasure they take in 'doing their duty' by the opposite sex. And women are careful to let it be known that only what is 'manly' in man can appeal to them; and man takes their measure of his manliness and makes it his own. Man's qualifications as a male have, in fact, become identical with his value with women, in women's eyes."

The German conception of women is lower than that of the Zulus in Tschaaka's day.

According to Iwan Bloch, fifty-six thousand of the population of Berlin are homosexual. Let the blonde brute Bloch speak for himself:

"A phenomenon intimately related with male prostitution is blackmail, or 'chantage.' Tardieu (*op. cit.*, pp. 128–130) describes these relationships in vivid colours, and lays stress on the close relationship between male prostitution and criminality. Blackmail has become to-day a kind of special profession, which is not directed solely against homosexuals, but also against heterosexuals, and the punishment of which cannot be too severe. Frequently these individuals, whose activity is a danger to the community at large, persecute their victims for many years in succession. Tardieu reports the case of a celebrated literary man, 'whose purse the blackmailers regarded as their own.' For more than twenty years in succession he was plucked by successive generations of blackmailers, who considered him an assured source of income. He was 'passed on from one to another.' As a rule, blackmailers wait for their victims in public lavatories; they suddenly assert that they have been indecently assaulted, and demand hush-money, which is commonly given to them, even by heterosexuals.

"It is unquestionable that blackmail often ensues upon real advances on the part of homosexuals, and after the performance of sexual acts; and

there is no doubt that in Germany the existence of clause 175 of the Criminal Code has been most advantageous to professional blackmailers, has led to numerous scandals (alike disagreeable and dangerous to the community), and has given rise to numerous suicides. This celebrated 175 runs as follows :—

"'*Unnatural vice between two persons of the male sex, or between a man and an animal, is punishable with imprisonment; it can also be punished with loss of civil rights.*'

"This paragraph of the Imperial Criminal Code is identical with 143 of the former Prussian Criminal Code. As soon as we recognise that in homosexuality we have to do with a primary natural disposition, and as soon as this view has permeated wide circles of the population, the old consciousness of right will be replaced by a new one, which will demand the repeal of a criminal law, by which a natural phenomenon is regarded as a vice and a crime, and is esteemed as infamous. My studies in recent years having convinced me that in homosexuality we have to do with a typical biological phenomenon, I feel that I must unhesitatingly approve of the efforts of the Scientific and Humanitarian Committee, founded by Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, which aims at making the people understand the nature of homosexuality, *and demands the repeal of clause 175 of the German Criminal Code.*"

Iwan Bloch, M.D., continues :—

"The idea, 'unnatural vice,' is equally absurd and inconsequent, and makes justice in respect of these offences absolutely impossible. By this term is understood not merely pædication (immissio membri in anum), but also any kind of intercourse between men 'resembling sexual intercourse'—that is, coitus in os, coitus inter femora, even simple frictio membri—whilst mutual masturbation and other perverse practices are not punishable.

"The worst and most tragic consequence of Clause 175 is the permanent infamy and social contempt suffered by persons who, without any blame to themselves, have a mode of sexual perception diverging from that of the great majority. The State itself commits a crime when it enrols in the category of vice and crime a biological phenomenon which has recently been recognised as such even by the Evangelical and Catholic Churches, and has been freed by these Churches from the stigma of immorality. The continuance of this great injustice is the frequent cause of the suicide of homosexuals, especially of such as are men of exceptional spiritual and moral cultivation, and frequently before they have actually indulged in their homosexual impulse, the best proof that we have to do, not with vicious, but with unhappy men, who are unable to bear the misery of being socially despised and unjustly misunderstood by their associates. How many suicides from homosexual grounds occur it is impossible to establish exactly. We can only suspect the cause from certain attendant circumstances."

How does all this German garbage, which I am forced to quote, affect the course of the war? At the headquarters of the London District Command, at the Horse Guards in Whitehall, some of the best intelligence officers in the world have been engaged since the war began in handling the difficult problem of the infection of Londoners, especially including soldiers, by the doctrine of the German urnings as set forth in the quotations given above.

The English conception of their national life is that the home is the unit of the nation, and that the sea is their own element. The reason, and the only reason, why volunteer soldiers have been forthcoming is because of their homes. Men are willing to die for their homes, but if the conception of home life is replaced by the Kultur of urnings, the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon world wilts and perishes. Therefore, the military authorities who are charged with the difficult and painful duty of controlling the depraved missionaries of German urnings who find their way to London are heavily handicapped by the state of our common law on the subject. Londoner urnings have more in common with Teuton urnings than with their own countrymen. Espionage is punished by death at the Tower of London, but there is a form of invasion which is as deadly as espionage: the systematic seduction of young British soldiers by the German urnings and their agents. Under the present law, the maximum penalty is two years in prison. The German urnings and their agents deserve shooting at the Tower of London no less than Lody, who, at all events, played the game, and was a brave man. Failure to intern all Germans is due to the invisible hand that protects urnings of enemy race.

If W. T. Stead or Henry Labouchere were still living they would have handled this subject acceptably. All I can do is to point out to those who find their spiritual homes in Germany that a great cancer, made in Germany, is eating at the heart of England and civilisation. The Cities of the Plain perished, not because they were wicked, but because their inhabitants were inefficient. The urning population of Germany is increasing; is forming a public opinion of its own; seeks the repeal of the celebrated clause 175 in the German penal code. Every father and mother in the British Empire should know the real character of the German missionaries of their Empire. The subjection of women is one of the foundation stones of the German creed, as their violation is a perquisite of their troops. The desirability of legalising unnatural offences is another of the broadstones of the German Empire. The Eulenberg scandals possibly marked the close of an era of thought when unnatural crime was still counted a disgrace in Germany. The tendency in Germany is to abolish

civilisation as we know it, to substitute Sodom or Gomorrah for the New Jerusalem, and to infect clean nations with Hunnish erotomania.

When the blonde beast is an urning he commands the urnings in other lands. They are moles. They burrow. They plot. They are hardest at work when they are most silent. Britain is safe only when her statesmen are family men and use the sea power of England to starve the urning nations. Father, mother, and children are the microcosm of the little grey homes that make the British Empire. The poison gas of the suicide, Weiniger, and the champion of the urnings, Iwan Bloch, reveal the nature, the geist, which seems not wholly incongenial to some of our British Teutophiles from the enthusiasm with which we are enjoined to admire it, and the severity with which we were chided for failing to perceive the superiority of German to English ideals.

Many maimed and blinded British soldiers, broken in the war, have returned home in fine spirit. Many of them have been heard to say that, while they have lost their limbs or their eyesight, they have found their souls. They are the Sămurai of the West. Despising riches, loyal unto death, there is no Sămurai class like our British soldiers among the Germans. There are families in Germany whose nobility reaches back to the time before letters patent were issued. Those families are the *ur-adel*; but their pride is tainted with the inherent vices of the Huns—the intestinal worms of Central Europe.

The Abuse of Labour

By West Country Miner

The invigorating glow of perfect health results from the effective working together of all the organs constituting the human body. A perfectly healthy body does not call attention to itself; a diseased organ immediately does.

It has been obvious that for many years certain spots in this country might well be called "Plague Spots." They are for ever calling attention to themselves by labour troubles resulting in strikes. But it does not appear to have occurred to anyone to recognise that these districts should be regarded as unhealthy and should be dealt with precisely as we should deal with an unhealthy organ.

If we agreed that no citizen of Liverpool—for it seemed in the past as though all labour troubles began with the Birkenhead dockers, spread across to Newcastle, and then went on to the Glasgow carters—or of other notoriously strike-troubled community should be eligible for public honour or office so long as his district had a higher than average number of strike days, should we not regard the disease from a clearer point of view? In the past we have been troubled with the attitude of South Wales, at the moment it is the Clyde. Is it surprising that there should be a feeling of unrest in South Wales when Mr. D. A. Thomas, in spite of the war, is reported to have paid no less than £150,000 for a new property? If owners cause such possibly exaggerated views of their profits to be widely held, can one be surprised at the demand of the miners that they, too, should share in the plunder or profit? My experience of miners has taught me that they are as self-denying as any other class of men—but they are still human.

Let us look at the Clyde Mr. Lloyd George has demanded that the worker shall work at a pitch of white hot enthusiasm; but we are not angels, we are human, and all history shows that even the highest enthusiasm after a while must wane, particularly when it is asked to overlook the

gains and profits of associates who have to show no self-sacrifice, but who certainly obtain very heavy profits. The effect of Mr. Lloyd George's Munitions Act was to convert the working engineer into a voluntary slave, and it is to the lasting credit of Labour that it consented, in spite of the limited information regarding the war which was permitted to reach it, to become a willing slave, and to be bound down not only to long hours of overwork, but also to Sunday work in addition, though it has been amply proved by experience that the continued strain of such overwork is not compatible with highest efficiency in the production of sound work. Have the engineers ever received any public acknowledgment of their patriotic sacrifice? The soldier in the trenches gets his rest-days. What rest-days have the toilers in the workshops demanded for themselves? Quite rightly a restriction was made on the throwing-up of his job by a munition worker; nor may he seek another job at an adjoining works at which the conditions of work and of payment are more to his liking. Do the people of England realise the self-denial which caused free Labour to accept such servitude voluntarily so that they cannot even absent themselves from their work without a ticket-of-leave? I wish some more able pen than mine would take the matter up and show the people of Britain the obligations Labour voluntarily assumed and carried out when Mr. Lloyd George asked Trade Unions to suspend their usual regulations.

But engineering Labour has lost caste through failure to sacrifice war profits. The evil it clamours against in manufacturers it retains for itself in the shape of high wages. It is not for Labour to cry out for the conscription of wealth, but rather for the punishment of those who, thriftless, have saved no portion of their earnings. Mr. Smillie's attitude would repress thrift instead of encouraging it. "Equal Service for All" should surely be our war cry. If our sons in the trenches gain victories and conquer territory the result goes to the State. If their fathers in the munition works or in commerce make war material and high wages or war profits, then all extra profit beyond the living wage (and a reward to encourage especial endeavour) in each case should surely also belong to the State. The fact that capitalists, in addition to offering their services, and

their sons, have also an additional capital which can be offered to the State for carrying on the war gives capitalists a claim for greater service to the State than that rendered by workers who give only their sons and themselves. The demand for such diversion of capital, therefore, must not come from the workers, but from the capitalists who can judge as to the needs for the employment of that capital, whether in the payment of Labour, in the direction of industry and commerce, or in the less enterprising but more definitely remunerative War Loan.

Mr. Lloyd George protests the harm done by sincere people, but have all the sincere people in the United Kingdom done one-tenth of the harm of one politician, whether from the point of view of the 300,000 wasted casualties, or from the even more serious point of view of the abuse of Labour by the long-continued incitement to industrial unrest caused by the yielding to every demand for irresponsibility of unions (with unrestrained tyrannical treatment of Free Labour); by the appointment of Mr. Askwith, apparently to yield to every strike demand made; and by the running of an election on the cry of "Ninepence for fourpence": political bribery all the way through?

Labour leaders may be as sincere as Free Church protesters; nay, they may be the same men. We honour the Scotsmen who came out for a Free Church. Is it not that the absence of religious revival to-day, or of a lead from the churches, has diverted from Religion to Labour the ardour of that type of mind which, regarded as "crank" by those who sit at ease, not infrequently accomplishes epoch-making results?

But Mr. Lloyd George was right in calling attention to the harm done by sincerity so unrestrained as to become fanaticism. If certain Russian peasants persist in marching through Canada in a nude condition, a paternal Government forthwith takes measures to prevent these men and women doing themselves harm. The common sense of the people is usually sufficient to restrain those sincere, narrow-visioned enthusiasts who would repeat on a huge scale the failure of the attempted socialistic colony in Paraguay, but what shall we say of fanatics who in time of war counsel workers, who have proved their devotion to the national need by their continuous overwork, to undo

all their previous effort because a possibly very estimable and very sincere man is not allowed during working hours to wander from shop to shop and to interfere in the conduct of work? Do we call this treason or do we call it aiding and abetting Germany? Shall we not rather regard it as an instance of misguided but perfectly sincere judgment, which demands repression with a strong hand, as does a child's first attempt at assuming for himself what does not belong to him? In a wave of sentimentality we abolished the whip, also the pillory; ought we not to revive these institutions? To shoot an able but misguided worker leaves us so much work less done on a gun, so many tons of coal the less hauled up per day; that is bad economy. To imprison him takes him away from the useful work necessary, particularly at this time, for the nation. Would not the lash or pillory be more effective in dealing with these misguided enthusiasts? Soon over, but not soon forgotten, one good thrashing has proved the salvation of many a child.

I have referred above to the voluntarily accepted servitude of the artisans who, impelled by patriotism and the desire to assist their comrades in the trenches, have accepted conditions of labour from which, under ordinary circumstances, they would be altogether adverse. It is idle to claim that the increased wages received set off the overtime worked, because it is generally recognised that the tendency amongst workers is to content themselves with a certain sum per week, to work less hours for the obtaining of this sum being more in accordance with proved tastes than to work full time for an increased sum. In working such a high percentage of overtime it is obvious, therefore, that Labour has sacrificed her usual practice. That sacrifice requires adequate consideration. I suggest that the consideration is that the men who have been spared for the trenches as a result of the working of overtime by those who remain behind are not to be wasted, but to be effectively used for the purpose the nation has at heart—the beating of Germany. It was generally understood in the first year of the war that naval operations and military operations would be under the control of Lord Fisher and Lord Kitchener respectively; we appear to have had no fewer than 750,000 men diverted to side-shows with casualties exceeding a

quarter of a million. These side-shows, so futile in effective result, so pregnant of disaster, have been only possible through a breaking of faith with the Labour who spared her members for service. Labour is entitled to demand that the authors of any side-show not suggested by Lord Kitchener or Lord Fisher should be brought to book and made responsible for any resulting loss to the cause. Of what avail is it if Labour works 100 hours a week if the men thereby freed for military service are wasted, instead of utilised for the cause for which they were set free? If a man says a word which causes Labour to work less overtime his liberty is at stake. Are the men who waste the results of Labour alone to go free?

If we compare agricultural labour with that of our manufacturing industries we find a remarkable point of difference. Agricultural labour does not strike; it is intensely loyal; it is probably the backbone of the British national spirit. Why is it that agricultural labour has stood firm and successfully resisted allurements which proved too tempting to mechanical labour? Probably the reason is fundamental. Agricultural labour is in direct obedience to a chief who is the head of the farm, the estate, or the county; a head which takes a personal interest in its welfare, and is regarded in return with something of the old seignorial respect. But with mechanical labour the reverse obtains. No labour has been more abused by the capitalist. Enterprising manufacturers discovered that a 25 per cent. additional output from the same machines means an extremely heavy increase in profits as the initial and running charges are in no way increased by the additional output. The tendency is thus to use Labour for the purpose of increasing output to such an extent that the individuality of the man is merged in his ability as a tool, with a resulting high wage-earning artisan, possessing but little leisure for the cultivation of ideals, home, children, knowledge, religion, self, or other things that count. How can a man be expected to improve himself if all day long he has been driven at express speed like a machine? He is thus peculiarly liable to the influence of the agitator and sooner or later pays heavily, mainly by the misery of the strike and its aftermath of suffering. The agitator speaks of the Duke as a parasite; has it never occurred to him that if the Duke is a

parasite of society much more is the paid agitator the parasite of Labour ?

Socialists tell us of the advantages of State control. Do we find no strikes where work is controlled by the State? On the contrary, we find that either the State is compelled to adopt Universal Service, and thus be in a position to conscript the strikers, or that the only remedy is the banding together of the poor middle-class man, who is the main sufferer from all strikes, to put an end to mob rule and to assert his interests, as at Brisbane, or more recently in Sweden. Certainly the latest device of demagogy—Labour Bureaux—is but a poor substitute for the security of tenure offered by the Barons. With the latter every man had the right to work, the right to live; his life was an asset to the Baron, he was looked after accordingly. But with capitalists Labour is something more of a machine than machinery; for, unlike machinery, it requires no cost for its original production or for its amortisation or replacement. The Labour Exchange still further impairs the position of the artisan by converting him into a mere chattel to be bundled forth from one town to another at the whim of a contractor. What opportunity has an artisan of a happy home, of a cheery, bright-faced family, such as we see in the country, if he has every six months or so to be hunting for rooms in some new town, or, more probably still, to leave his wife and family behind whilst he proceeds to cheerless lodgings and loses the benefit of his family circle?

Up till the date of the war we were inclined to regard "National Efficiency" as the most effective cultivation and use of all our opportunities to make the greatest amount of money in any given time. In other words, to make for the cotton spinners, chemical manufacturers, provision merchants, colliery and shipping owners the greatest amount of gain. And to these exploiters of labour have been apparently committed the choice of our legislators and of the future of our Empire. If, however, we regard National Efficiency as organisation, not for the making for the few of the greatest sum of money, but for the production of the happiest, most contented, most useful community, we shall not then attempt to manufacture everything, whether most fitted to do so or not, but only

those things for the manufacture of which we have some special advantage. If it is found to our national advantage that we manufacture other things, then the artisan would be protected by a tariff or in such other way as shall ensure his receiving an adequate wage accompanied with opportunities for the training of himself and of his family. A revolution in our methods would ensue; instead of a shipbuilding company paying good wages for the six months that it is building a ship and allowing the men to starve for the rest of the time, the wages would have to be adequately proportioned for the support of the man throughout the whole year, or other suitable work found for him. The idea that he should be in Glasgow for three months on one ship, and then sent to Newcastle for another three months, and possibly to Portsmouth for another three months, is incompatible with the proper attention to his family life, which is the birthright of every man. The Clyde and the Tyne would keep fewer yards fully occupied for the whole year instead of a greater number of yards partially occupied only; in other words, *the opportunity of the money-maker is to be limited by the welfare of the worker*. The Clyde and the Tyne would still compete as before; the number of competitors might be less, but that would be a small evil compared with the great gain in the condition of the artisan arising from the knowledge that he has the right not only to his job for the whole year, but to bring up his family in decency.

I have not referred to the question of Unions *versus* Free Labour, because Labour is abused whether union or free. It is obvious, however, on reflection, that we have *prima facie* no reasonable ground for denying the right of Labour to combine and to demand the regulation of the application of its own effort. Lawyers form possibly our oldest trade union. Does anyone now object that no one has the right to act as a barrister, or even to open a solicitor's office, to prescribe as a doctor, or possibly to operate as a dentist, or to make up a prescription as a chemist unless he has been admitted a member of some trade union? Can we maintain that what is admittedly a good thing for professional men is inapplicable to Labour? And yet the record of trade unionism is undoubtedly against my con

tention. The record of the bullying and savage treatment of free labour during strikes arises out of the knowledge that a Government truckling to the voting power of the unionist would not effectively punish the ill-treatment of the free labourer. With a firm Government who would make the unions and their funds, as well as the actual perpetrators, responsible for any violence to the person or crime against the State, such criminal acts would cease, as surely as they have ceased in civil life generally, as a result of the repressive measures of the State.

What we now need is not State machinery for dehumanising the artisan into a mere chattel of the capitalist, but the inculcation by example of the limitation or sharing of profits, as well as by precept. That it is an unmanly thing, a disgraceful thing to lay 250 bricks in a day if it is possible in the same time to lay 1,000 bricks equally effectively; that it is not the act of a free Briton but of a soulless slave to haul out $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coal a day if formerly 5 tons of coal were readily procurable under the same conditions. The limitation of output is not lessening the output of the master; I am told coal has not been within the present century so profitable to the masters as it is to-day. The limitation of output falls on the poor beggar who has to shiver because he cannot afford the high price of coal, on the wretch who is denied the right of living in a decent cottage because the price of its erection has continued to increase until it is now prohibitive. I suggest that the remedy is not tc apply to the Government to build barracks for Labour, but to remove the existing impediments to the building of suitable inexpensive cottages.

Labour must undertake the entire abolition of all restrictions on output and on facilities for apprenticeship and education, and generally must see that its energies are not destructive but constructive—as with all the professional trade unions, and as with the old guilds in the times of apprenticeship. The weakness of the present policy of trade unionism is that it has invariably been absolutely against progress. If we restrict our output until we lay 300 bricks a day to the other man's 1,000, then we know that in the markets of the world we shall no longer be called on to build, but that, on the contrary, we shall die the death of the waster, for sooner or later the world will lay its 1,000 bricks a day,

even at our own doors, and prevent us from obtaining a job at our 300-a-day rate. As surely as the people of England have found that the policy of class hatred and destruction of confidence in the security of tenure of investments, of land, of capital, was a wrong policy, and one which rendered the nation less effective as a world power, in addition to filling it with discord at home, so the new trade unionist who has been admitted to the union because of his efficiency, and not as another fellow-agitator, will see that the man whom he elects to control will be no less clear-sighted and no less capable of conserving and advancing national efficiency than his *confrères* in France, in Australia, and in the United States.

Union is not to mean revolution or insurrection. Therefore, there can be no orders from unions or from any source but the Government for soldiers, police, or direct employees of the State. Any failure of a State employee to obey orders means revolution or insurrection, and would rightly be punished by death, or, better, the lash or pillory. The security of civilisation would fail were soldiers or police, miners, and transport workers to come under the control of some agitator. But, apart from this, the strike should become impossible. I have not the right because I have a real grievance against the baker for whom I work to prevent every man I meet in the street from eating any bread; and, in the future, Labour, free in its security of tenure of work, must see that no carters shall have the right to hold up the supplies of food, no railwaymen shall hold up trains, no colliers shall hold up the supply of coal, *without the consent of all the sufferers affected!* For union efficiency, whether in production or control, will be accompanied by union responsibility, which will be required to compensate for any mistakes and suffering caused by its actions.

But Labour will gain; for the history of all live professional unions—*e.g.*, the lawyers', doctors', engineers', architects'—shows that they result in the increased efficiency, as well as in the increased welfare and responsibility, of the worker.

As the speediest means of attaining this end this article advocates :—

(1) *The Creation of a Labour Ministry.*—We are told that the winning of the war depends on the Navy, Army,

and Labour. Let all three be directly represented in a Cabinet, of not more than five members, by a sailor, soldier, and artisan respectively, so that an actual worker may be the Cabinet representative of Labour.

(2) *The Creation of a Labour Council presided over by the Labour Cabinet Minister.*—The duty of the Labour Council will be to advise the Minister on all Labour questions, including regulation of union rules and by-laws* in the same way that the constitution and by-laws of all Chartered Societies are now regulated by the Privy Council. It will also deal through the Minister with strikes (if any), disagreements, Labour legislation, and internecine warfare between various Labour organisations and Labour and the general public.

The Council would consist of an equal number of employers and employees. The employers would be chosen either by ballot of employers of more than 1,000 men or by the ballot of all registered employers in industries corresponding to those which elect Labour representatives. The latter could be chosen by secret ballot of registered workers in the proportion of one representative per million workers. Agricultural labourers, miners, railwaymen, transport workers, and other bodies, including unskilled labour, numbering over one million workers, would be entitled to choose one representative per million. Other trades with fewer registered members would be grouped for voting purposes into bodies of approximately a million workers each.

It is easy to criticise this scheme, but it can be carried out if a strong lead, such as that the absence of which was deplored by Lord Haldane and without which the Government appears unwilling to take any action, is given to the Government. The war has opened our eyes; is it too much to expect that, with the advent of peace, strikes also shall be no more, but that the welfare of the community shall take precedence of every other condition in regard to, or use made of, Labour?

* By regulation of the Union by-laws it should be impossible, for instance, for the votes of only 13,299 engineers to force a society with a membership of over 200,000 to pay a political levy of threepence per member. The political levy may be entirely justifiable, but the by-laws should provide for a more general expression of the desire for action on the part of members, and not of an apparent disinterest so great that little more than 6 per cent. of the members should express themselves in favour as against 5½ per cent. against.

A Woman's Night in Furnaceland

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

She had felt the strain.

To a woman unaccustomed to standing on her feet for twelve hours on end, the work had been terrific.

She had been a parlour-maid, in a good situation, with plenty of room-space and fresh air; she had cleaned silver, waited at table, carried trays, turned out her pantry; gone to the door; had her regular outings, and was perfectly certain to get an hour or two for sewing or reading every afternoon; she had never got out of her bed any morning before half-past six, and was generally back in Blanket Bay before ten; she had been well fed and well paid, warmly housed and generously considered.

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Tom had joined the colours at the first roll of the drum. She would not have "walked out" with him had he not done so, and truth be it said, he was mighty keen and patriotic himself. Quickly trained, hard trained, strenuously trained, he was ready amongst the first batch of the *New Army* who went to the Front—ten months after the outbreak of war. During those ten months she had kept her situation, had knitted him socks and mufflers, had seen him when on leave, and had encouraged him to do well with the guns.

Then came the final parting. He was to sail from Southampton for "somewhere in France." Before the momentous hour, however, he received a final few days' leave.

"Tom," she said when they met, "you are off to do your bit, God bless you, I feel proud of you, proud of a man who joined so quickly and has worked so well for his, for my, for *our* country, Tom. You will constantly be in my thoughts and my prayers; but I do not suppose we shall meet again for many months—perhaps longer—and I am going to spring a mine upon you. Not a German mine, old chap, but a truly British one. While you are at the

Front firing your shells, I am going into a munition factory to make those shells. It will not be as well paid as domestic service, it will not be as comfortable as domestic service, it will be much harder work, I suppose, but it will be my bit; and every time you fire your gun you can remember I am helping to make the shells."

"Well done, my girl, it's just splendid of you, but can you stand it?"

"I will stand it," she replied with that determination which one knows to be the British characteristic, even when it means getting up at five o'clock every winter morning, because there was no sleeping accommodation near the factory for the women workers. Leaving almost without breakfast and catching the workman's train, enduring the cold, the unaccustomed hardships of a newly-built factory working under pressure, with every possible discomfort, and not returning home for fourteen hours at a spell.

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It was an awful night. The wind howled. Sleet blew in great blasts. Tom's letters had been frequent from "somewhere in France." He had been through those awful days at Loos, when his Battery had pulled out into the open and the only shelter was under the limbers. His front horse-driver had been killed before him, and without even waiting for the word of command he had scrambled along to the front horse's back and taken the dead man's place. He had done his bit with a vengeance. The work of the 15th Division at Loos will never be forgotten; but very little news had travelled home, so the encouragement and inspiration that the girl might have had on the score—of what Tom's Division had been doing—had been sadly lacking.

That boisterous night Tom was constantly in her thoughts. Dear Tom. How she longed to see him again, to feel the pressure of his hand and see the merry twinkle in his eyes. She loved him devotedly, whole-heartedly.

It was her week of night duty. She had arrived in the dark, after a railway journey, at the factory, wet, cold, and dejected, and before her lay a twelve-hours' shift. Through the factory mud and slush she waded to her workshop and pictured the greater mud of Flanders and Tom.

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What a scene. A perfect beehive of workers. Eight thousand women had answered the call of the drum in that district alone. Several hundred thousand had joined in other places. Neat khaki caps and neat khaki overalls had made them look both trim and smart, and they appeared so military, they seemed a veritable little army.

The glass domes of the "shops" had been blackened overhead so that Zeppelins should no longer find their whereabouts. The great furnaces below were roaring flames. The machinery was drumming, and banging, and screeching. The noise was deafening; it was impossible to hear a neighbour speak. Everything was carried on by signs.

We have all seen men at the forge of a country village putting their black horse-shoes into the fire with iron tongs and pulling them out again red-hot. That is what this woman was doing, but her horse-shoe was a part of a shell, and it must be remembered that it takes 150 operators to finish the different parts of one fuse, and 21 operators to machine a 4·7 shell. In addition, there are other workers who gauge, who assemble, paint and varnish them, and who fill them with explosives. Yes! one hundred and fifty operators to prepare the parts of one fuse, and twenty-one people to machine a single shell. Pause and think, then —the brains, the skill, the machinery, the efforts put in motion to make that little shell before it leaves the hands of the workers and reaches those of the gunners at the Front, where some hundred shells may now be fired in a single day from one single gun. And this is war, a war for right against might, a deadly, cruel war.

The chorus of machinery in that foundry never ceases; it is incessant, it appears eternal, and the amount of human effort is profound. A woman—one of hundreds—presses a lever with her foot, and instantly a big hammer falls with a heavy thud. At a single blow it fashions the red-hot metal on the anvil, and with a shriek it is snatched up again in the twinkling of an eye. The operator picks the still hot metal off the anvil with a tongs, and drops it into an iron box with many others, while her mate—a younger girl—pulls another piece from the furnace and places it in the die. The machine does the heavy work, and yet the strain of that pressure of the foot is bad for the delicate

mechanism of which womankind is made. There is every class in that shed. There are well-educated ladies—who as forewomen receive 30*s.* or 40*s.* a week after strenuous training at Woolwich, enthusiasts whose influence in the factory is so splendid; there are parlour-maids like this girl —who are patriots; there are the usual factory hands—who have come from soda-water manufactories, jam, biscuit, cocoa, toy, or cheap jewellery factories, who are doing their bit; but no matter what they are, the wages vary from 16*s.* to 25*s.* a week, and no matter what they do, they never seem to be over-paid. Many of them cannot earn even a pound a week, unless they include Sunday work, week in, week out. Persistent long hours and deprivation of weekly rest, merely diminish capacity and are foolish waste of energy.

As the morning draws on in that thundering noise, that roar of machines almost as deafening as the roar of the guns, the drumming lathes work on; but the want of sleep, the fatigue of work, the bad air and want of ventilation, the necessity of better food, with more time to eat it properly, begin to tell, and our little parlour-maid is feeling weary, well-nigh prone to drop, so she makes herself a cup of tea—that everlasting and ever-joyful cup of tea—which the men relish as much as the women—and she thinks of Tom.

Renewed strength comes with the thought: he is doing his bit for his country, why not she?—and so she works on. She looks at the lathe-belts as they go round and round, and feels that every turn furthers her job, and every day brings more succour to the Front and the war nearer to its end. But still she grows weary again. The hours are long. The night-shift seems unceasing, the only possible rest or recreation for her is on Sunday, when she is almost too worn out to leave her bed. As for an evening out, or a cinema show, such recreations have long left her horizon; such a thing as an hour's sewing or an hour's reading have ceased to be. All her energy for twelve mortal hours is expended at that factory, and, with the coming and going, fourteen hours of the twenty-four leaves her but ten hours for food and sleep, week in week out, month in month out, Saturdays included. And withal she has to buy her own food as she goes to or from the factory, prepare her own meals, make her own bed, and tidy up her own little room.

Two things keep her going—the thought of Tom with

the certain feeling that she is helping him, and the canteen run by the *Young Women's Christian Association*, with its chairs and comfort. Had it not been for that canteen, with warm, clean food, and a cheery welcome, her health would have given out long before, for with all the will in the world the women munition workers' hours are too incessant, and the discomforts too great, to stand the strain. Eight hours they can do, twelve hours are injurious to most of them. And yet eight-hour shifts mean forty-eight hours a week, which at the present rate of wages means 16*s.* 4*d.*, on which no woman can pay 7*d.* a day railway fare and keep body and soul together. Sunday and night work counts at one and a quarter pay. Women went into munition work to let men free for active service; but women's work is underpaid by the Government, and not standardised by the Ministry of Munitions. No wonder the *Workers' Union* are trying to induce women to become trade unionists, which the women will be forced to do if the Government does not treat them more considerately. Patriotism must not be exploited and the health of the future mothers of our race ruined beyond repair, any more than life must be unnecessarily risked from overcrowding, fatigue, sickness, lung trouble, or poisonous chemicals, by introducing women unaccustomed to such work and then working them at more than ordinary pressure. Increased output in munition factories generally means diminished health and faulty work.

It is the women who have supplied the workshops of England. It is the women who went without food, without seats, without proper sleeping accommodation, without rest, almost without consideration for months. They stood it all to help their country, and it is now time their country should turn round and help them by shortening their work, paying more an hour, and supporting the organisation of the Y.W.C.A., which is doing so much to alleviate their sufferings by giving them that same warmth, and light, and comfort, and "homey" feeling that have been given to the sailors and soldiers by the Y.M.C.A. since the earliest days of the war, and providing the women workers with sleeping accommodation, which alone saves two or more daily hours' journey to and fro.

"What?"

Through the din no one heard.

"What did you say?"

"Zepps"——

Everyone knew they would be thrust into darkness. Everyone knew they must stop work. Everyone knew they were prisoners amidst the worst of dangers. Explosives on every side of them. Prisoners in a great arsenal. Captives in the dark.

The chorus of machinery had ceased. Belts had been released, and those palpitating iron and steel machines, that grind the daily soul of the workers, slowly and dreamingly ceased to toil. In a few minutes all was still.

At other parts of the factory women with yellow skins and sadly spotted faces caused by chemicals were also silent, women who were stabbing dangerous fuses into adapters by hand (because of the lack of machines) ceased their death-inviting work for the time, and waited in silence.

Oh! the tension of it. The anxiety, the expectancy; not a woman falters. The hours wear on. It grows colder. The action of the right leg on the lever has ceased. Both arms are at rest. In that sudden inaction the cold seems to penetrate their very souls; but the women say nothing. They know their men face guns day and night. Big guns, little guns, every kind of hell fire. They know a shell or a rifle bullet may end a man's life any minute. They know those men at the Front never shirk, why should they? The only people who shirk are the slackers at home—the "down tools," the wasters, the scum, men who keep back coal and guns from their brothers on the high seas or in the trenches. No soldier shirks his duty, no woman worker turns chicken-hearted. Both are out to do their bit to consolidate and hold a great Empire together and build up a great people with great ideals. Numbed, chilled, but not nervous, she sits on a backless stool and thinks of the first months of toil without any seat, without even warm water to wash those dirty, swollen, sore hands, without a food canteen, and only paper bag lunches of sandwiches and buns; and she remembers the new canteens outside, where a fourpenny or sixpenny dinner can now be bought out of her pay of 3*d*. per hour, where there is a warm fire and a cheery welcome.

The clock strikes twelve, one, two, three.

The Zepps have gone home again; but she cannot go home, she must still pull in and pull out of the re-kindled furnace her bits of red-hot metal. All she minded was the three hours' loss in making shells for Tom.

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Was it telepathy? Was it second sight? What was it that made her pause, as a cold shudder ran down her spine a couple of hours later and seemed to numb her senses? The night was dull, and cold, and drear. Her face was deadly pale; the red glow from the furnace fire but accentuated the fact. She was just tired and nervy perhaps. And Tom's cheery face pictures before her in the flames as she works on.

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An official envelope on His Majesty's Service told the tale.

"*Killed in action*" was all it said.

Tom was dead.

And she? Ah! it is the women who suffer in war—the mothers, the sweethearts, and wives who wait, and long, and listen, and wait again. It is the women who lack the excitement, the joy, the enthusiasm of energetic doing; the women who stay behind to think, and work, and suffer, and yearn. Unheeded, uncared for, almost unnoticed, they it is who carry tragedy in their hearts and comedy in their faces.

She turned sick and faint when the news came. She almost gave in; but no. There were others, there were other mothers, other sweethearts, and other wives, and for them she would work even harder than before, work till the war ended.

The suffering of silent endurance is deeper than the suffering of action.

God bless her! the heroine of furnaceland.

The Emigration Madness

By H. M. Hyndman

"FEWNESS of people is real poverty; and a nation wherein are eight millions of people is more than twice as rich as the same scope of land wherein are but four." "There needs be no beggars in countries where there are many acres of unimproved, improvable land to every head as there are in England!" It is well now and then to go back to the shrewd common sense of the father of modern political economy, especially at a time when the old fallacies about "over-population" and the advantages of emigration are again being forced upon us.

Although nobody who has any knowledge of the subject disputes that the land of Great Britain is, and long has been, "starved for labour," one of the principal suggestions for dealing with our soldiers who are discharged after the war is to ship them off to our Colonies as emigrants. Sir H. Rider Haggard has already gone on a tour to those Colonies, in order to arrange as speedily as possible for this systematic transportation for life of some of our most useful workers. It is, to my mind, an utterly fatuous policy. Sir William Petty, if he could return to these shores, after an absence of two hundred years or so, would be the first to denounce such removal of by far the most valuable portion of our people as a direct injury to this nation.

Over-population is a possible phenomenon: excess of parasites over producers is a dangerous state of things for any country; but never in history, with a constantly progressive increase of the power of man to create wealth, have too many people been found existing on a large scope of territory. It is this last which has to be proved in relation to the island of Great Britain, before any Englishman can wish to see emigration encouraged, merely on the plea that there will be a difficulty in reorganising labour as a whole when peace is concluded. If our population is really too dense, obviously the non-producers, from Dukes, Bishops,

and Peers to domestic servants, might be most conveniently spared.

Sir William Petty, whom I have quoted, was himself by no means a revolutionist, for he founded the House of Fitzmaurice, now represented and "illustrated" by his descendant, Lord Lansdowne. But Petty goes the length of suggesting that we could very satisfactorily dispense with the services of "numbers of lawyers, physicians, merchants, and such folk who properly and originally earn nothing for the public, being only a kind of gamesters who play with one another for the labours of the poor; yielding of themselves no fruit at all otherwise than as veins and arteries to distribute forth and back the blood and nutritive juices of the body politic, namely, the product of husbandry and manufacture." A vehement Social-Democrat of the twentieth century could not better this. Let Lord Reading and Lord Haldane, Lord Rothschild, Sir Ernest Cassel, and Mr. Lloyd George lead the way to the Colonies. Would they—I ask the question from the point of view of political economy—be greatly missed?

On the other hand, what is the actual value of a sound, capable, able-bodied man, trained in the open air, and accustomed to co-operate with his fellows—such men as are most of our soldiers returning from the Front? I hate the idea of estimating the worth of such a splendid human being in hard cash. I have always protested against our habit of allowing ourselves to be dominated by the sordid money fetish in this and similar matters. But, unfortunately, pounds, shillings, and pence considerations still so completely bemuse our intelligence that nothing short of some pecuniary calculations seem to impress the public mind. Well, then, I remember that, in the flood-tide of European immigration into North America, the mere value in dollars and cents to the Great Republic of the United States of each able-bodied male colonist who landed on its shores was estimated at some three thousand dollars, or six hundred pounds. I myself should put the figure much higher than this.

But let us be content with taking the average pecuniary value of any healthy vigorous male adult on the other side of the Atlantic at six hundred pounds—where does that assumption land us? I take it for granted that a person

of this sort, having the means of using his physical and mental faculties to the best advantage, under the highly developed economic conditions which prevail in this island, is not worth less to Great Britain than to the United States or Canada. If he is, that is due to our own incapacity and ignorance, as well as to the contemptible *laissez-faire* system of our Government.

What does it all mean? That if Sir H. Rider Haggard and his committee, in conjunction with our Colonies, succeed in transporting even 100,000 men across the seas, this island will be the loser to the extent, measured in money, of £60,000,000. I should myself consider the loss as much greater. For these 100,000 men, supposing their labour to be thoroughly well organised in any department, would produce wealth which, though it ought not to be evaluated in terms of money at all, would exceed a revenue of at least £200 a year per head, after providing fairly well for themselves and their families. On this reckoning, the sum of six hundred pounds represents only three years' purchase of their surplus labour power embodied in commodities. Cheap, surely!

Even the roughest, unskilled labour is enormously important, and its withdrawal may have far-reaching consequences. There is plenty of evidence of this. Thus, when the economic policy of Russia towards Germany was in process of change before the war, Russia decided to prohibit the yearly migration of the 250,000 Poles who went every summer from Russian Poland into East Germany as agricultural labourers. This was all to come to an end in 1917. The landholders of Prussia viewed the prospect of this withdrawal of their indispensable "hands" with great dismay; since it was impossible for them to replace the labour of these Poles in Germany. There was in this case no question of virgin soil to be taken up and cultivated, nor of special facilities for cheap and easy transport. Yet, by the loss of these passing yearly immigrants, Germany would lose hundreds of millions of marks annually. And this vast amount Russia would obviously gain, if her agriculture were only managed with ordinary German sagacity. Such is the value of rude labour: such is the magic of unskilled toil.

It is no accident that, at the present moment, under the

stress of war, and with the certainty of crushing economic and financial pressure in every country after the peace, all European nations are looking to settlement on the soil and agricultural improvement, as well as to home development in every department of industry, for the essentials of security and independence. Germany, which has taught her neighbours so many lessons as to what to do and what to avoid, was first to learn, and to act upon, the truth that foreign emigration, however advantageous it might be to individual emigrants, was injurious to the Fatherland itself. The hundreds of thousands of Germans who annually took their departure for foreign lands carried with them in their own persons the means of making wealth, far more valuable to the Colonies of their adoption than even the considerable amounts of capital which they transferred to foreign banks.

It is strange to recall how, a few years ago, comparatively, Germans at home were witnessing with sorrow the loss of such vast crowds of their best people by this rush to the West. Careful attention to home production of all kinds, and protection for German industry and agriculture, while the transformation was being brought about, completely changed the situation. The drain of Teutonic manhood was almost immediately stanched, and now German emigration has become of trifling importance, while the population of the Empire has very greatly increased.

Simultaneously, as other nations found to their cost, by keeping her population at home engaged in useful occupations, which otherwise would have been found abroad, Germany became, within a generation, the best organised, and, on the whole, the most efficient industrial power in the world. During the same period she became, also, the most powerful and threatening military nation ever known. The contrast between the Germany of yesterday, shipping off her population by the million to the United States to build up the strength of the great American Republic, and the Germany of to-day, within an ace of being more than a match for the tremendous combined force of the Allied Powers, ought to be sufficient evidence of the fallacy of emigration, even if we had not the story of old Spain to teach us the same lesson.

The hope that our emigrant soldiers, when dismissed from the country they have defended, will go only to British Colonies, does not in the least change the situation from the economic standpoint. Presuming them to be personally successful, they in no wise compensate the Mother Country for their loss, nor do they help us in any way to solve our pressing problems of home production. However close we may draw our relations to our Colonies—and I myself have always done my utmost to advocate Federation both before and after my long visit to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada forty-seven years ago—nothing will change the fact that we must in future depend more and more upon our domestic resources, especially for food. The prospect of universal peace and the limitation of submarine warfare is too remote for us to view with other than alarm the permanent dependence of our population for four-fifths of its sustenance upon remote sources of supply. To encourage the emigration of the flower of our people under such conditions is surely the height of folly.

But other countries besides Germany are appreciating this truth. Italy, for example. It is a long time since Professor Mantegazza wrote the series of articles on the advantages which Italian cultivators might derive from settling in the Argentine Republic that led his countrymen to emigrate in large numbers to Santa Fé and other provinces. Italians have also been going by tens of thousands to the United States for many years. These emigrants have, as a whole, done very well for themselves. Their heavy remittances "home," moreover, have had two effects: they have enabled the poverty-stricken Italian agriculturists to make head against the fatal domestic taxation of their own Government; and they have turned the exchanges in favour of Italy so completely that, before the war, the notes of the Bank of France were actually selling at a discount in Rome.

But now Italy, awakening, it may be hoped, from her Imperialistic hallucinations in Africa, has begun to regret the expatriation of millions of her most valuable citizens. They are wanted in the peninsula for the purposes of domestic development. So the leading reviews and journals are demanding home colonisation, for reasons different, but none the less pressing, from those which drive

us English to the discussion of similar schemes at the present time. Spain, also, which saw her best blood drained away from her to South America and Mexico four centuries ago, is now declaring that, unless radical measures are taken to retain her people at home, Spain herself, one of the richest countries in the world, will be ruined.

So, whichever way we look, we discover that the craze for emigration, which reached its height a few years ago, is dying down. Petty's dictum, recorded long before steam, electricity, chemical discoveries, and mechanical appliances had so incredibly enhanced the power of human labour to create wealth, is seen to be a hundredfold more true now than it was in his day. The absurdities of Parson Malthus are dead and buried. Vigorous, trained men are the most valuable products of the planet. Yet there are still people who clamour for "assisted emigration!"

There is, moreover, a reason specially applicable to the sociology of this island which renders the advocacy of male emigration little short of a crime against the community. Before the war, females outnumbered males in Great Britain by upwards of 1,200,000. Regard the matter as we may, this is a very serious state of things, accompanied as it is by a steadily decreasing birth-rate. The total loss in killed, died from disease, and permanently ruined in health during the war I probably understate at 500,000. Thus the disparity between males and females will be still further expanded by forty per cent. at least. If the emigrationists succeed in what I regard as their fatal policy, to the degree they hope for and expect, we shall find ourselves with little short of two millions more females than males in Great Britain. Does any Minister propose to introduce a measure in favour of legalised polygamy as a partial corrective of this social danger? I presume not. But it cannot be to the advantage of the country to permit a further drain of our male population under such circumstances. Men have been prevented from leaving Great Britain during war. There are still stronger reasons for obstructing their exodus in peace.

If, indeed, there was ever a time when the loss of able-bodied workers would be more severely felt by this nation than another it is the period into which we have drifted. The cost of the war has been enormous in every way. The

neglect of the ordinary course of production in consequence of the pressing demand for the means of destruction cannot be repaired for many years. A large section of the non-producing majority will not suffice to fill the gaps our struggle has left. A heavy strain will be put upon every class of the community. Already the more thoughtful among the rich recognise that a new era has opened, in which production of wealth for use instead of production of commodities for profit will steadily make way. Parasites are at a discount.

The sooner we make up our minds to face the truth that our neglect to organise national production is calculated to ruin Great Britain permanently the sooner shall we undertake the task of making the best possible use of every capable adult for the purpose of creating wealth. But, as a portion of this reorganisation, the necessity for establishing better conditions of existence for the mass of our people becomes more clear each day. The excuse for fostering emigration is, chiefly, that this cannot be done at home, and that therefore we must hasten to send away those who could most effectively help in this transformation for the benefit of all. But, as already argued, this is a bootless assumption, put forward to defend a ruinous policy. The well-being of the whole people can be secured if the dominant class will discard the systematic indifference to the health, strength, and general development of the producers. If likewise the producers decide to shake off the apathy they displayed in regard to their own interests when they rushed into the army, without any bargaining, in order to defend a country which certainly takes little care of its champions in peace.

Thus to take one department of our social conditions alone. The slums of Great Britain are unequalled for extent, misery, and horror in the civilised world. Certainly our enemy, Germany, can show nothing at all comparable in degradation to what is to be found in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and our other great industrial centres. I have known Lancashire pretty well since I was a lad of sixteen, now fifty-eight years ago, and those who are contented with the "improvement" made in that county during the past two generations must be very easy to please. In London there is the same terrible state of things to be

faced and dealt with after as before the war. In order to make even a beginning, whole districts of hovels must be cleared away and healthy homes for the producers must be constructed. If we can afford to spend £5,000,000 a day for the purpose of war, while such wholesale squalor obtains in our midst, it is the bitterest irony to put the old question, "Where is the money to come from?" when a demand is made for reasonable housing after the peace.

But for whatever purpose female labour may be suitable, it is not well adapted for the breaking-down of insanitary slums, or the building up of healthy dwellings. That is quite certain. Yet the general opinion is that the building trade and all its associated industries, which call specially for male labour, will be very active so soon as peace is proclaimed. In this direction, as in others, consequently, we can less afford, as a community, to dispense with adult male labour, capable of being trained for this sort of work, than at any period in our history. We have not only to cope with the ordinary demand for construction, but with the exceptional requirements which will then have to be met for better homes by the men who have been fighting, and the women who have been working, to win the war.

On every ground, therefore, the strongest possible opposition should be made to any attempt to deprive Great Britain, by schemes of emigration to our Colonies, of the men who have fought for our country and have a right to live in it as their own. Under any reasonable system of organisation which makes use of the means at our disposal, there is plenty of room for every man and woman of our population to lead a healthy, enjoyable, intelligent, and beneficial existence. From the point of view even of capitalist finance, which is not mine, we shall need every effective adult in the country to pay interest upon the huge debt we have piled up. Emigration solves no problem and may easily rouse ugly passions.

The Case for the Married

By E. Miles Taylor, A.C.A.*

We want to win the war; we don't want to be penalised for our patriotism.

We are prepared to endure hardships; our womenfolk are willing to make very great sacrifices; our children must be content at less cost to us; our businesses must take their chances; our prospects receive checks; our outlook on life be extremely prescribed—for sake of Country.

Yet this is a Nation's, an Empire's war, and we find ourselves cogitating—then agitating. Something seems wrong—out of proportion. Human self-interest prompts inquiry.

We consider the munition worker; the war contractor; the man at Lloyd's; the record year's banking and shipping; the jump in food-prices and the profits of the farm; excess profits and the salaries of politicians.

We think of the million married men who have already enlisted—some of the finest in the world. We remember the generous allowances made by some of the banks, insurance companies, municipal authorities, and private traders; the actual betterment in income in thousands of cases where wages and house-rents were low.

It is all different, somehow. The man who earns £200 a year, and finds it takes all his time to keep solvent, sees a big hill in front. Insurances will eat up a third of the separation allowance, and rent account for the balance—and more. How fares it in *his* absence?

Brown has been two years in practice. His capital—£300 in cash originally, plus what he could have earned as an employee beyond his actual net income—must inevitably go. And, after the war, he will not even have the money to start again.

Wilson's case is different. His wife is undergoing radium treatment for cancer. His £120 per annum just allows this to continue—it is a hard matter to make ends

* Mr. Miles Taylor is taking a leading part in the attested married men's movement for fair service.

meet. If *he* is made to go (he attested in order to appeal) and no grant is made, his wife will almost certainly die. Every penny counts.

The nation calls for men, FIT men, at a flat rate of pay. The unfit find *their* rate of hire steadily increasing.

It is a difficult problem.

It is an urgent problem. We must have the maximum number of fit and EFFICIENT soldiers. Men who are unable to shake off mental troubles arising out of domestic and financial hardship, though they are themselves well clothed and fed, are not best fitted to smash an organised military machine. They should be told NOW, before they go, how their affairs will be cared for.

And how to do it?

. . . . . .

In time of war—when whole nations are at grips—no one is entitled to more than a bare subsistence. The nation stands as an entity: gaining, losing. There are no classes, no parties. All must be *in* it, *of* it. Equality of service and sacrifice!

Nevertheless, in an imperfect world, there will be some who profit unduly, many whose losses are disproportionate.

We can try to correct, but we cannot altogether cure.

. . . . . .

"We can try to correct."

I would to God we had the courage. Trade unions are powerful. The tide of public opinion rises slowly, and the men who—admittedly, at source, from selfish considerations—would help to mould its flow . . . are going!

The men who, due to incidence of age or avocation, remain in security at home, backed by their organisations, grow relatively ever more capable of exerting pressure in one direction.

. . . . . .

The freedom that we love: the freedom consistent with national honour. The justice: the justice that both weighs and measures.

"On merits": the key that unlocks the door.

This Empire's wealth, properly employed, can pay the fair price of the soldier worthy of his hire, who, by his very life, maybe, protects that wealth. Can pay!

In money, kind, or privilege.

1. In money, as a grant; the Tribunals should consider each case in private. Where financial *consideration* (relief or charitable doles are most unworthy of the country and the man) is required, then either—

(*a*) The man is taken and a grant made, or,

(*b*) The fair price being, AT THAT TIME, too high, the man is permitted to remain in a non-fighting, or, perhaps, even civil capacity.

2. In kind, as "temporary" purchase, by the Treasury, of capital, property, investments, stock; redeemable or otherwise thereafter. One class of property or "rights" should be as much respected as another.

3. By way of privilege: "waiver" of lease; permission to train locally; billeting at home; transfer to anti-aircraft, home defence, or by regulated occasional leave of absence while in training—all will afford assistance.

Furthermore, where these two last-mentioned, purchase or privilege, will fairly meet a case—alone or with a money grant—the nation has gained twice, by saving its current cash (for temporary purchase could be made by "Bonds") and by preserving the property and powers of citizens.

In such manner could—*can*—the rights of soldiers be respected; a nation's middle-class protected; a nation's war be waged on such a scale and with such force that lives and money would thereby be saved.

God speed the victory—at home, abroad—and then, again, at home. A nation reinforced!

Myopia Britannica

By Pemberton-Billing, M.P.

This story of Britain's failure to grasp the possibilities of aerial warfare and to build against the future is a story of Governmental neglect and departmental indifference, which sets up a grave indictment against Ministers. Neither Mr. Asquith's Government, nor that of Mr. Balfour which immediately preceded it, had the imagination to see, or the courage to seize, the opportunities which presented themselves. My indictment is a general indictment, the charge of criminal blindness is not a partisan charge—I know nothing and care less for party. But as the Liberals have been in unchallenged power for the last ten years, during which time they have received warning after warning of our unpreparedness for aerial warfare, the full force and charge of neglecting a great National and Imperial duty falls upon them.

To dwell upon the past, to retail the story of muddle and incompetence, can bring no satisfaction to any patriotic man. He would gladly blot out the mistakes due to incompetence and the weakness due to indifference—and that, I hold, is the greater crime. If I feel compelled to restate the case against the powers that be, it is only because I am anxious to arouse my countrymen to a sense of the danger in which we stand and to induce them to put an end to the waiting policy which has brought about the present peril. Moreover, it is a policy which may yet land us in disaster.

The early history of flying, which began for practical purposes in America, was taken up in France, and finally included this country, is the old tale of the inventor, the man of mechanical genius finding himself the butt of the department wits, the object of official scoffing. I have seen it claimed for the statesmen of this country—and I draw a very definite distinction between the home and the

Imperial product—that we never move until we are able to take advantage of the discoveries and expenditure of rival nations. Let anyone consult the official debates of the House of Commons in the all-important matter of aviation, and he will find how proud was the War Office boast that, while we were doing nothing, other countries were working for us. It seems almost incredible, but I am not overstating the case when I say that the great department of the State known as the War Office—and I accent the word War—was content for years to act upon the motto which has of late brought contempt and derision upon His Majesty's Government. "Wait and See" may be good enough for the politician, but, unhappily, under a system which places a mere vote-catcher at the head of the Department which should be solely concerned with organising for war, it was applied to aviation as to so many other matters affecting the safety, welfare, and honour of the Kingdom.

Mr. Balfour, who has declared it to be a paradox that the Royal Naval Air Service should have been made defenders of London from hostile air raids, has placed himself in the position of a First Lord of the Admiralty without responsibility, and he blandly declared that the Government, in its unpreparedness for air war, was just consistently repeating its general unpreparedness for the great European conflict. With the waving of his outstretched arms of impotence, he thinks he has done all that is necessary to excuse or explain away the years of deliberate blindness. It is not my purpose now to discuss the general policy, or want of policy, of the past ten years, nor am I anxious to deal with that great question—that National indictment—to answer which certain politicians will in due course stand at the bar of an indignant National opinion.

But if there was anything to be said in palliation or extenuation of the crime of our general unpreparedness for participation in a vast European upheaval, which everyone foresaw but those who would not see, there is nothing that can be urged to excuse the deliberate waste of time and money in pottering now with the Air Services. Moreover, the count of the indictment which charges the Government with refusing to see and to take the necessary measures

to meet and overcome the menace from the air is one which, in my opinion, is unanswerable. The shame of it is that "Wait and See," as applied to the now perilous problem of the air, means that to-day we are still waiting for the Government to act and that we see the risk of an overwhelming defeat in aerial warfare, unless drastic, immediate, and overwhelming measures are taken to repair past errors, rebuild an Air Service on sensible lines, and spend money judiciously, but lavishly if necessary, in catching up the past and overtaking the present. Even those cravens and fools who would have had us stand out of this world-war thought they could, if not justify our dishonour, at any rate guard it, by reason of our island isolation. But that isolation, as is now plain to the meanest intelligence, has disappeared; these shores are no longer inviolate, these islands are open to, and, indeed, are repeatedly the subject of, attacks from the enemy.

I argue, then, if our masters and rulers could make out a case for being unprepared with a great land army, they cannot excuse their criminal negligence in refusing to take all necessary steps to guard the shores of the air. The phrase may seem a somewhat overdrawn one, but there is, for all practical purposes, just as much an ocean of the air encircling these islands as there are the seas which wash our shores. Moreover, we must guard the one as jealously as we have long guarded the other, unless we are to be open to the assaults of an enemy prepared to take advantage of our new-found vulnerability. I am no prophet and I do not pretend to put a term to this war. But I do say this, that if it drags on for another year or another two years, we may find ourselves at the mercy of an enemy in the air, unless we can induce our Government to remove the scales from their eyes and see the facts in their true light. I have not been long in the House of Commons, but I have discovered this, that in their fatuous desire to defend the mistakes of the past, Ministers are jeopardising the present, and mortgaging the future to incompetence. I am indeed amazed at the stolidity of the Government, for, in spite of all that has happened, in spite of the assaults of the enemy and the outcry of our people, they will not understand—or is it they will not admit—the gravity of the peril in which we stand to-day.

What is this myopia which dims the vision of our politicians almost to blindness? It is a myopia which, unless it is speedily cured, will spread its influence, or, rather, I should say its effects, through the Empire. For unless we gain and retain supremacy in the air, we may quite easily lose our Imperial strength, and so jeopardise our Imperial heritage. I have no doubt in my own mind that the nation which is supreme in the air will dominate the world. Think of our power for civilisation and humanity if we are able to hold both the sea and the air—the waterways and airways of Empire. But picture our impotence, even though we retain our hold as mistress of the seas, unless we are masters of the air. For us, more than for any other nation, this mastery is imperative. What use to us is our, at present, unchallenged naval strength if that strength is to be challenged from the air? We cannot hold the seas unless we command the air—they are for us one and indivisible. It is a great, an overwhelming thought that all our world power may count as naught, all the treasure we have poured out in building the mightiest of fleets the world has ever seen may avail us nothing, unless we secure the mastery of the air.

It is because I see the future in such sharp outline and realise what a tremendous influence on the peace of the world, and even in rapid interchange between the Mother Country and the far-flung parts of the Empire, air power would give this country, that I speak and write in the hope that either by exhortation or by fear I can awaken the Government to a sense of the danger.

The nation is aroused—of that I am certain. If some of the supporters of the Government and the heads of the Central Office, who did their best to discredit me in my fight and victory in East Herts, would come with me to my mass meetings throughout the country, they would no longer suffer from myopia. If their eyes were not open to anything else, they would be staring wide at the very present danger to their existence as a Government. There is not a single town, which has been made the victim of our unpreparedness, which, if given the chance of supporting a candidate pledged to a policy of Imperial air supremacy, would not return him with a thumping majority.

I do not know much of the ways of politicians. But

I have always understood they are careful of their own political skins. I should have thought, therefore, that merely in self-preservation our Ministry of all the Excuses would have made a real effort to grapple with the problem. That they have so far failed to do so is, in my opinion, evidence of a lamentable lack of knowledge of the problem itself. They tried what I am told is the old Parliamentary trick, of appointing a Committee when public opinion was getting too hot for comfort in the atmosphere of Downing Street. That Joint Air Committee, of which Lord Derby was appointed chairman with much beating of the Coalition drum, and of which Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was made a member in order to give it added weight, has proved the failure I predicted it would be. It needed no great prescience to realise that a Committee formed merely to lull the public and to allay alarm without power to act or the right to command would prove a fraud and a failure. So soon as I had made my maiden speech in the House of Commons I received a courteous worded note from the Chairman of the Committee inviting me to put my views before its members. Quite politely, I hope, I declined, on the ground that it was a mere waste of time to add to the talk of a body which could do nothing. The recent history of the Committee has, I think, justified my view. How long it was after receiving my letter that Lord Derby came to see things from my standpoint I do not know. But I am glad that he had the courage, and that Lord Montagu also had the courage, to refuse to keep up the farce.

I did not go into the House of Commons merely to be a critic of the Government. I resigned my Commission in the Royal Naval Air Service because, in common with many of my excellent comrades, I came to the conclusion that confusion would become worse confounded unless someone, who knew from the inside the real requirements of the Service, carried that knowledge to Parliament and used it to assist the Government to create an organisation out of the present chaos. My plans for the organisation and development of an Imperial Air Service are now before the Government. It is true I was compelled from a sense of public duty to press them upon the notice of the Prime Minister instead of being invited to lay my practical pro-

posals before him. The plan is complete and comprehensive. It begins by setting up a proper *personnel*: it is developed along the lines of efficiency of service, and it would prevent all that unfortunate bitterness and ill-feeling which exists where personal favours take the place of rewards and promotions dictated only by merit. All that is implied in economy and efficiency of co-ordinated working of the R.N.A.S. and the Royal Flying Corps can be secured under a proper scheme, and while construction would be put on a basis which would secure rapidity of output, the engine problem would be faced and solved without further waste of time. With such a Board of Air as I have in mind working under an Air Minister of Cabinet rank and controlling all the parts of the great machine for creation of *personnel* and the production of machines, an Imperial Air Service could be created which in six months would give us the mastery of the air.

Do not let anyone imagine that this question and its attendant problems is not big enough to transcend any other military problem. We must have a great Air Fleet (quite apart from the machines required by the Navy or the Army) which will furnish us with an immense flotilla of the air. This must be our aerial fighting machine. I contemplate not hundreds, but thousands of aeroplanes being required to gain and maintain for us the supremacy in the air. There is no time for delay. Let us begin at once to build on a grand scale, taking the best type of existing machines which the mechanical skill of our long-neglected constructors has been able to secure. Time will bring its splendid improvements in the mechanics of flight and in the armaments of the air. But we must be pioneers; not "wait and see-ers," we must be first in building and first in development. If our naval constructors had waited for the inventors of Germany before constructing improved types of battleships, where should we be to-day? We should be as feeble on the sea as we are impotent against attacks from the air. Build now, build quickly, build in immense numbers, according to the best approved types. When we have a Great Fleet, and while that fleet is in the making, we can experiment with improvements and build for an added supremacy.

The Secret History of the Sinn Féin

By Major Stuart-Stephens

The history of the Sinn Féin is instructive as evidencing how, in the Sister Isle, a movement in aid of praiseworthy national ideals, and initiated by a little band of romantics, can, in the brief period of fifteen years, develop into a dangerous revolutionary conspiracy, numbering among its members not a few men of ruthless purposes.

In the first year of the South African War the *United Irishmen* was established in Dublin by a brace of earnest and independent Nationalists who were profoundly dissatisfied with the methods of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The editor and co-founder gathered round him a brilliant staff, and in not a few features the new Irish journal recalled memories of the too-short-lived *National Observer*. The *United Irishmen* was studiously ignored by its contemporaries in Ireland. In England one never heard of it. "Take that and read it in your railway carriage," said my life-long friend, the lamented W. T. Stead, "and you will have to admit that there is still some wit and humour left in Ireland." Stead knew a good thing when he saw it, and I remember I was so interested in that copy of *United Irishmen* that I passed my station by many miles. Then some envoy of the Devil—may Allah confound him!—came to the editor, saying, "Lo, the English Sultan comes to our land; it is not meet that we should look on his face. Make it an order, and of a surety the words that you write will outsell even the black mead of Guinness." The editor listened to the evil council, and as the outcome of a tumultuous meeting of the readers of the *United Irishmen* held at that accommodation rendezvous for broken heads, the Dublin Rotunda, the Corporation of the Irish Capital were frightened into refusing to present an address of welcome to King Edward.

Yet—and this is charmingly Irish—the Sinn Féiners, while ready to abolish their own aristocracy, delight to bask

in the presence of a Franco-cum-Irish-cum-Italian gentleman, who, presumably, because he improved himself into being the husband of a cousin of the Kaiser, has had the overpoweringly impressive dignity of a Papal Marquisate conferred on him by the late Pope. This by the way. *Eh, bien*, one of the immediate effects of this atrocious and most un-Irish exhibition of bad manners was the foundation of the Dungannon Club, out of which sprang the Sinn Féin Society.

The child devoured its parent, and a new journal, the *Sinn Féin*, drove out of existence the *United Irishmen*. The Dungannon Clubmen soon proclaimed themselves to be frankly Republican, and went so far as to prophesy that in time—date not specified—Ireland would possess a navy of her own. God bless us all! but it was a fine conceit.

Stead and the Sinn Féin

In the summer of 1909 Mr. Stead and the writer had a meeting at the office of the *Review of Reviews* with a triumvirate of the organisation that favoured national naval ambitions. The absurdity of Irish command of sea-power appeared to be lost to the three Sinn Féiners, who knew so little of their subject that one of them assured me that Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, were able to turn out the finest Dreadnoughts afloat. That eminent firm do not build warships—but that is a mere bagatelle. When our Irish visitors had departed, my brilliant and far-seeing friend, who met his death in Harland and Wolff's greatest achievement in naval architecture, remarked to me: "These gentlemen talk a lot of nonsense, but," and he looked at me with those keen, grey eyes of his, "if ever Germany forces war upon us, the Sinn Féin will prove a danger within our gates. Their brain-boxes are stuffed with dangerous ideas." W. T. Stead and I had been associated more than once in matters of weight—in 1897 he and the writer, acting with Lord Rosebery as channel of communication with Lord Salisbury, had conducted certain unofficial negotiations between the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street, which put an end to a dangerous position of affairs on the mid-Niger, when Lebel and Lee-Metford

rifles might "go off by accident." I had invariably placed immense confidence in Stead's judgment, and therefore was little surprised at learning that the Sinn Féin had, soon after the interview at the *Review of Reviews* offices, dispatched an envoy to the States charged with the mission of instituting *pourparlers* with the vast network of German societies which extends throughout the United States. The reconstituted Clan-na-Gael at first opposed the project of an affiliation between the new Irish society and the tremendously powerful Teutonic-American organisation. All's well, however, that ends well—or, badly, on this occasion, for us—for the society, the grim secrets of which Le Caron laid bare, the Sinn Féin and the enemy's host of "social" and other institutions are now all one and the same, inasmuch as their membership is interchangeable.

At the "Convention," held in Boston, of the Anti-British Irish and Germans, and which received a cursory notice in the *Morning Post*, alone of all the English Press, the Will-o'-the-wisp of Irish sea-power was pursued with immense vigour. Huns and Hibernians seem to lose their heads completely when they discuss this question; which, when all is said and done, is only one fit to be handled by the inhabitants of Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

"The sea doth serve you for a ditch and bulwark," quoth the Dutch Ambassadors to Parliament, "and being duly considered, you are in yourselves a world apart" (the States-General to England, July 2nd, 1644). This is doubly true of Ireland. She can only approach others by sea, and her real independence can only rest on our Imperial supremacy at sea. She can no more be an independent island than can Malta or Mauritius.

When a Sinn Féiner, then, drugged with some filthy potion,* concocted by the extremist Press, tears down the Union Jack, he is merely tearing his mother's dress. Ireland could never develop sea-power of her own resource. Yet there are Sinn Féiners who cherish hopes to the contrary, as is proved by the display, in the saloon bar of a public-house in Cork, of a large and lurid oleograph (made in Germany) in which the battleship *Erin's Hope* is

* "Some filthy stuff of liquid poison, the froth of Cerberus' mouth, the venom of Echidna, wandering errors, the oblivion of the blind mind, villainy, tears, rage, and love of murder."—Ovid, *Metam.* iv. 500.

depicted sending to the bottom a couple of British super-Dreadnoughts.

My life-long knowledge of Irish subterranean political movements has been recently reinforced by a local investigation of much that concerns this very peculiar organisation. As a hostile military factor, the Sinn Féin is beneath contempt. Throughout mid- and Western Munster—their principal sphere of influence—this treasonable secret society is broken into detached fragments, and these fragments are to-day either without officers or they are commanded by wiseacres of their own kidney—men, as a rule, absolutely devoid of military training, excepting the smattering they have contrived to pick up from discharged and disabled soldiers, or evolved from their own inner consciousness. Yet the existence of this organisation constitutes a *menace to Ireland's security*. Here is concrete evidence of my indictment. During my recent tour throughout South-western Ireland, made with the object of tracing the ramifications of the Sinn Féin, I became aware, last September, of a curious feeling of unrest prevalent among a section of the fishing and farming classes of the sparse population of Kerry, where it faces the North Atlantic. An almost incredible underground rumour was in circulation, no less than that a squadron of interned German liners had escaped from American ports, and, packed with German-American reservists and members of the re-constituted Clan-na-Gael, were making a dash to reach the estuary of the Kenmare River. The avowed object of this forlorn-hope raid was that, if it succeeded in disembarking at a sympathetic base in Kerry, a strategic diversion would probably be created which would gravely affect the measures then being taken by the Allies to assume the offensive on the Western Front.

The signal that the Germans were on the sea was to be the receipt, by post, by the members of the Sinn Féin of a species of manifesto printed in America. Smuggled into Ireland, this document, up to some fourteen hundred copies, was posted at the Cork G.P.O. under the cloak of a harmless business circular, the envelopes having been printed in New York in exact imitation as to outside lettering of those of Mackenzie and Co., Camden Quay, Cork, seed merchants, and out and out Unionists. That touch is very Irish! The gigantic bluff of a possible land-

ing in Kerry was put forth by enemy emissaries just to test the temper of the Sinn Féin, to see whether they would welcome such a contingency, or would they think better of the security of their altars and their homes and at the last moment inform the British of the wrath that was coming. But they sealed their mouths, and no information of what was afoot was *knowingly* afforded to the authorities. Since then a reward of a hundred pounds has been offered for particulars as to how the "Fiery Cross" circular, as it was called by the Sinn Féin, was introduced into Cork. Here, then, is an instance of the working of the Irish rebel and the German spy—*par nobile fratrum*. Again, there is the establishment of secret oil depôts on the Kerry littoral. During the spring and summer of the fateful year 1914 immense quantities of petrol were brought to the cellars of the principal hotel in County Kerry, the lessee of this hotel being an unnaturalised German, who, some months after the outbreak of war, was dispossessed of his vantage point through the sustained efforts of Sir Morgan O'Connell, Bart. The anticipation of a record influx of American and Colonial tourists in the autumn was the reason given for this amazing purchase of liquid peril. Yet this explanation might be regarded as not wholly satisfactory, as, when I attempted to account for the fact that many gallons of this oil were transferred on credit to little shopkeepers, who, of course, by the purest coincidence, happened to be in the local shibboleth, "Warm Sinn Féiners," I have met several of these gentry domiciled at Valentia, Balliskell Bay, and Waterville, where are grouped the eastern ends of the cables which link Europe with the American Continent. Inland, their most prominent leaders in Kerry are established in Tralee and Killarney.

These are the same *inconsolables*, or their sons, who, as members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or as organisers of "moonlighting," came under my notice when, many years ago, I was, with the late General Sir Redvers Buller and General Sir Alfred Turner, engaged in breaking up the reign of terror then rampant in Munster. Their activity was then confined to the shooting and boycotting of unpopular landlords and tenants. During the last year it has found expression in the making of an unholy alliance with the godless iconoclasts and enemies of their faith who

destroyed Rheims Cathedral, the heart of Catholic France, and reduced Ypres to ashes—Ypres, where the historic banners of the Irish Brigade remained in the keeping of the Irish nuns.

Petrol has been passed on to various depôts on the Kerry coast line, it being just eleven months since that stimulating game came into fashion. It has now been scotched, if not entirely stamped out. Many of those engaged in it have, with the assistance of German money, quitted Ireland for the States with such celerity that their exodus might, with strict propriety, be termed a flight.

At present, it is in regard to the anti-enlistment campaign among the small farming classes that the influence of the Sinn Féin is exercising itself in its most pernicious form.

I write with a somewhat intimate knowledge of Irish political secret societies, and I am convinced that the young farmer element will continue to ignore our life and death struggle for national existence until drastic action is taken to muzzle the Berlin subsidised propaganda of that organisation which has adopted for one of the passwords among its brethren, "Burn everything English but English coals."

It is not the few rifles and ammunition of the Sinn Féin, captured in Dublin the other day, which really mean anything sinister, for the organisation can never procure more than a contemptible tale of arms, but the real danger lies in the word which is being passed round among the tillers of the soil.

Reporting Progress

On March 3rd and 4th of this year the Irish Race Convention was held in New York. The object of this assemblage was to make a pronouncement upon the racial attitude on the war. That attitude was summed up by two Irish-American Sinn Féiners. One, Judge Goff, of New York, said we have only one supreme interest, and that is to see, by *fair means or foul*, England defeated. And, said Mr. P. Hugh O'Donnell, a Chicago millionaire, "I want to see the power of England broken on land and sea (a voice, "We have got our own submarines"). It is treason to our race for any *Catholic* Irishman to enlist in the English Army or to help recruiting for it. . . ."

"Brethren, you will be gratified to hear that our friends in the Old Country have killed the work of the British recruiting sergeant among the tillers of the soil, the true wealth of Ireland."

The last day's proceedings of this Convention of misguided patriots was brought to a conclusion by the singing of "God Save Ireland" and ominous cries of "We will at last avenge the Manchester Martyrs." (Query, with the newly-acquired submarine?) What seems preposterous is this myth that a successful conclusion for Germany of the greatest of all international throat-cuttings would mean a victory for Ireland, and the even greater myth that the way to help Ireland in acquiring her just rights is to keep on nourishing the old legacy of hate and revenge. The charges that the Irish can bring against England for her treatment of them in the past are the most deadly that one European nation can bring against another. English selfishness and stupidity sacrificed the healthy development of the Irish people. The pathology of Ireland is known all over America and our Colonial Empire as England's responsibility, her shame, her disgrace. But what the Sinn Féin seem incapable of comprehending is that the question *now* is not the responsibility for that pathology—it is the cure. And I would, with infinite respect, suggest to the Sinn Féin that the way to cure Erin is no more by helping to aid in Britain's defeat than the way to cure a legacy of gout is by murdering the present descendant of your great-grandfather's wine merchant.

The Sinn Féin Inner Circle: Its Oath

The entire history of Irish revolutionary secret societies is associated with the fact, more than once illustrated in Ireland in a sanguinary and sensational manner, that they invariably include inner circles which stop at no crime to attain their purposes. The most extreme section of the Sinn Féin is known, within the ranks of the organisation, as the Cumaan Na Gadhael. The membership of its branches or sections is numerically small, particular care being taken as to the antecedents of those admitted. Each member has his individual number, which he gives as a password before being admitted to any of the meetings of

this inner circle. The candidate for admission—an approved Sinn Féiner—takes a solemn oath never to reveal the names of any of the members, and he is informed that the society inside a society is composed of resolute Irishmen banded together to establish an independent Ireland, the just necessary step for which is to aid in the defeat of England in the present war. And that aid, it is explained, is most usefully applied to an anti-recruiting campaign.

Then the following ruthless pledge is administered :—

"I, ——, hereby solemnly swear and make oath, before the Most High God, before whom I expect to be judged, that I will seek out and leave no means untried to exterminate, as foes of the liberty of my country, any West Briton or West Britons who shall induce my fellow-countrymen to enlist in the army of England."

"West Briton," it may be observed, is the contemptuous shibboleth of the Sinn Féiner for an Irish loyalist. No Irish-born recruiting agents have so far been assassinated, and I am inclined to believe that this inner circle oath is not seriously meant, being rather a formula the known existence of which may be used as an intimidatory weapon.

Yet although this organisation is pledged to deter Irishmen from reinforcing the British Forces and has resorted to intimidation in the carrying out of that object, backed up by the threat of assassination, there remains the comforting knowledge that His Majesty's Government are not called upon at this eventful moment to deal with a much more formidable conspiracy—to wit, the Irish Republican Brotherhood. The Fenian movement (the I.R.B.) of the 'sixties never achieved the distinction of a national upheaval. But, as a military organisation, officered by veterans from both sides in the great American Civil struggle, it unquestionably would have done so had Britain at the time been engaged in a European war. According to a statement made in the House of Commons by the then Chief Secretary for Ireland, the late Sir Robert Peel, there were more than a thousand Irish-American officers, from generals to subalterns, engaged in training throughout the country the rank and file of the I.R.B. And the commander-in-chief of the rebel army in the making was a very efficient French soldier of fortune, General Clauseret, formerly of the Federal forces under Maclenen

and Grant, and who wound up his firebrand career as "Minister of War" of the Paris Communists. Had such a position of affairs existed at this crisis of the Empire's history, it is conceivable that we might have lost, temporarily, possession of the west and south-western Irish littoral. And that coastline contains a succession of small, deeply-indented harbours studded with islands, forming ideal bases for the "*poussière navale*," the enemy's destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines. Thus established at our very gates, with a hostile Irish hinterland to provide shelter and refreshment, the enemy would have it in their power to stop abruptly British commerce from both the Western and Southern Atlantic and no little of that from the Mediterranean.

So all is not barren from Dan to Beersheba.

In 1867 a prison van containing the Fenians, Colonel Kelly and Captain Dacey, was surrounded by a party of their compatriots, the guards overpowered, and the door blown open by a pistol shot through the keyhole, which accidentally slew a police-sergeant. Five of the rescuers were captured, tried, and sentenced to death. The evidence was tainted and was soon proved to be utterly untrustworthy. But the manifest wish of the I.R.B. to involve us in a foreign war as well as civil commotion had alarmed the whole English people. This Manchester episode gave that alarm a tinge of ferocity. Captain Condon, sometime of Meade's Division, at Vicksburg, on being sentenced, advanced to the front of the dock and, raising his right hand, cried "God save Ireland."

It is impossible to forget the impression that the execution of the three "Manchester Martyrs" produced upon the lower middle and working classes of the people of Ireland. A few days after this example of misplaced vigour—one that has done more than any other event in the last half-century to keep alive the spirit of fanaticism among Irish extremists—a song was written and sung to the accompaniment of the American war chantey, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," with the refrain uttered from the dock, "God save Ireland"; and whenever, in any part of the globe, there is now an assemblage of Nationalist Patlanders, social or political, a concert in Cork or a St. Patrick's Day dinner in Calcutta, the pro-

ceedings regularly close with the crash of the "Irish Marseillaise."

When a branch of the Sinn Féin disperses after, with passionate fervour, joining in that heart-wringing refrain:

> "Close beneath the gallows tree,
> Kissed like brothers lovingly,
> True to home, faith, and freedom to the last."

surely these degenerate successors of the men who followed to death Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Smith O'Brien cannot but realise the hollow mockery of their use of the Milesian hymn of revolution! Are the Sinn Féiners true to home" when they invite there the descendants of the Hessian mercenaries who in "'98" fouled Ireland's hearths?

Are the Sinn Féiners "true to faith" when they enter into an unholy alliance with the pagan iconoclasts who desecrated the altars, massacred the priests, and violated the cloistered hearths of the ancient faith?

And are they "true to freedom," these sons of the Isle which through long centuries has fought for freedom, when they would welcome to their shores Teutonic Imperialism, materialism, and—ah, yes, and Teutonic slavery?

Enough of this Dummy Foolery

By Austin Harrison

THERE is a passage in one of Lady Bessborough's letters (see the noteworthy two volumes of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower's *Private Correspondence*, 1781–1821, recently issued) which we should all read and ponder on. The Great Lady is referring to Byron, and she writes these astonishing words: "Is it true Murray has given 2,000 to Mr. Moore for Lord Byron's Memoirs? If it is as a present to Mr. Moore, I am glad he should have some relief from his distresses, but cannot think that as a book it can be worth it. Lord Byron's prose is *generally in bad taste*, and in the present case must either be very personal or very *dull*."

So England thought of Byron in the Napoleonic age. In this judgment we see the stolid insular contempt for art, for genius, for creative intelligence, and so for truth, for art is the eternal torchbearer of truth, which almost suffered the name of Shakespeare to disappear from the island memory; and we find the Puritan horror of the personal. Byron, this lady says, is "very dull." It annoys her that Murray should offer a decent sum for Byron's Memoirs, which, as most men to-day will admit, is perhaps the most brilliant, interesting, human, and delightful prose collection of letters in the English tongue. Her opinion has been endorsed by Westminster Abbey to our unmitigated national shame.

I mention this because it is closely relevant to the great war of to-day. The same contempt for art, for genius, for science, for knowledge, for the intellectual, for creative man exists here to-day, and it is the reason of our palsied executive. Byron is generally in "bad taste"—is not this fetish of "good form" the explanation of our present Parlia-

mentary sloth, unimaginativeness, servility, and want of moral courage? Is not the fear in our English life of what is "personal" the cause of the failure of our public men, our pro-Consuls, our politicians? Westminster Abbey spurns the bones of Byron—what wonder that to-day we seem to have only the dry bones of a national Parliament; that our rulers are timid amateurs; that the country in the stress of the greatest crisis it has ever faced is without light or leading!

Assuredly, this is the touchstone of our national inefficiency. It is here, in our want of education, in the national contempt for art and creation, that we have the roots of all our failures. A nation which has no standards can have no truth: it is why at this hour we have no leaders, no *men*. Not because such men do not exist—they do; but because in the national attitude of commercialism and amateurishness there is no place for men who are not compromisers, politicians, and opportunists. Hence the power of the silver-tongued lawyer-placemen. Hence the futility of the written or deliberate word in modern England, as against the theatricality and necessary superficiality of the man on the platform.

Lady Bessborough and the Church despised great Byron—modern England despised Lord Roberts. Inevitably. When war came not one man in a thousand thought there was the slightest necessity to change the gentlemen in power, who had done their best before the war to cut down the Services, and play dummy to the Kaiser's frankly brazen policy of world-dominion. For a whole year we clapped our hands, drugged with self-illusion and that schoolboy habit of looking upon war as a "sport"; and when the Coalition was formed it was the opinion of the vast majority that now we had done all that we could, or was necessary, to ensure victory.

At last men are beginning to see "when a Coalition is not a Coalition," for the answer, "When it's a Dummy," has been given away by its symbol and effigy, the now historical anti-aircraft gun, technically described by its apologist as a *ruse de guerre*, or a thing that nobody under-

stands. And though there is a veil which, we are Delphically informed, it would be indiscreet to tear aside, the gun is in position a gun, and it is made of seasoned wood. Like the Coalition, it "won't go off": it is a safe gun. It serves, like the bombastic utterances of Ministers, as a scarecrow or Coalitionist M.P. The foolish thing is only another instance or exacerbation of the political shiftiness, irresponsibility, ineptitude, and amateurishness which have brought us to the critical pass we now stand in.

That gun will be celebrated in history. It has lit a candle in the land. Though it never fired a shot, it has broken the long spell of falsity and illusion cast over the country, and, lo! the walls of Jericho are falling. Here, there, and everywhere men are reading into the fatuous cannon a new meaning. And into Parliament there has descended a full man from the skies, after the classical manner of Mercury—Mr. Pemberton-Billing.

They tried to crush him, as usual, but he gave them facts, not dummies. Another veil got torn, the Parliamentary or Cabinet blanket. Right through the country political blankets and diapers seemed to tear. Overnight a new spirit has arisen. The only two public men with shreds of reputations still left to save beat a hasty retreat from Mr. Asquith's Dummy Aerial Committee. Ungraciously, Mr. Hughes has been allowed to go to Paris. The wrigglers of office and party word-spinners have begun to feel uneasy in their armchairs. In the rise of a thinking middle-class England authority sees an awkward menace to the long reign of irresponsibility and muddle by which the caucus contains its majority.

It is the brightest thing that has happened since our hapless soldiers were withdrawn from the political death-trap in Gallipoli. To-day Englishmen have but one duty. It is to think out for themselves whether the men who are now drifting, instead of ruling, are the right men to win the war; and if not, to vote and work wherever possible for the man who stands for responsibility and efficiency and will go into Parliament and fight for these things and give us a fearless War Government.

No intelligent man to-day can plead ignorance about results. We now know that the submarines are not all "fished up," as the hush-up "experts" told us and Mr. Balfour lackadaisically insinuated, not so long ago; and we now know that we have got another Gordon shame with Townshend in Kut; and that we have waited to see so long that our aeroplanes are outclassed by those of the enemy; and that all the fighting and all the victories lie before, and not behind, us.

These things at least men now know. But the matter is infinitely more serious.

The real question we now have to face, and face immediately, is this: Do we intend to win, to obtain our terms, that is; or shall we be content with a peace which leaves the potential military strength of Central Europe unfettered? Month after month in this REVIEW I have tried to correct and stay the orgy of melancholy optimism which refuses to face facts, which ignores or underrates the power of the Germans, which soaks itself with hypothesis and conjecture while the sands of fate run out.

At the present moment the recruiting muddle has plumbed the depths of Coalitionist degradation. Strong Party Radical influences are at work to prevent the compulsory enrolment of married men. The Service Act was a mere farce. The Tribunals allowed single men by the hundred thousands to escape into "starred" jobs or shirk. The Government, afraid to govern, cannot bring itself to enforce fair all-round service. Instead of bringing together the reserves for the armies now in the field, the Derby scheme has degenerated into a party and personal wrangle about the honesty and value of pledges; the married men justly resent the trap laid for them, while those who did not choose to attest are free to step in and steal their jobs; the whole thing has become another gigantic muddle due solely to the cowardice of our politicians and their complete lack of national responsibility and impersonal honesty. If the Government falls in consequence, so much the better. But if the Coalition is to continue, then it is time we faced the result of their continuance in power, which, unless

America steps in to save us, seems to head almost inevitably towards a weak peace.

Few people seem to have noticed the enormous difference between Mr. Asquith's last public utterance and those preceding it, wherein he swore "never to sheathe the sword," etc. But on the Continent it has been widely commented on. As a Dutch leading paper said: "If this interpretation had been known earlier, the *legend* could never have taken shape that Britain intended to fight until Prussian militarism had been destroyed." Mark the work legend. It is impossible to discount the significance of Mr. Asquith's latest pronouncement. Almost it provides a formula. In spirit and substance it conveys a weakening of the national aim, which hitherto we have understood to be not a lawyer's interpretation of what Prussianism is or Prussian domination may suggest, but the defeat of the German armies on the field.

Our neglect to form the necessary new armies as the reserves for the armies at the Front has placed us before a crisis which, if we do not act promptly and decisively, threatens once more to place us in the position we were in when war broke out, and all had to be improvised. It is a simple military matter. The danger is that we are told nothing. Secrecy reigns about recruiting. Secrecy reigns about the men required; the men obtained; the men shirking; the men we shall have to keep in the trenches the longer our line grows, as must be the case if the war goes on through the winter. So incredible is the delay and remissness on the part of the Government, one is tempted to believe it is not wholly accidental. Unfortunately, people don't realise these things, because they don't know the facts; because the truth is sedulously withheld from them; because the Liberal Press has failed to assume the nobility of the *rôle*, however difficult and self-sacrificial, which the national interest demanded; because everything possible is done to make the country believe that the war is virtually ended, whereas the truth is we have *nowhere yet begun to win it.*

As things are drifting at present, we are heading straight

for diplomatists' terms. Horrible as is the war, long as we all may to end the slaughter, and misery, and abomination of waste and bloodshed, this is certain. A peace which gave the Germans honour, with strength to revive and recuperate, would leave the Teutonic peoples with one desire in their hearts—revenge against England who had foiled their ambitions. We shall be utterly mad if we imagine the Huns will change as the result of war. *Baffled, sick with rage and disappointment, all Germany will live to strike at us. Every German mother will rear her son to remember England. In silence and complete secrecy the Germans will prepare for the new struggle. They will offer the French any terms they like; they will take care to prepare the diplomatic field more wisely than in* 1914, *and when they are ready, perhaps in ten years or so, they will fall upon us treacherously, overnight, from under the seas and from the air, and their object will be the obliteration of this country.*

They are fighting for easy terms to-day; they expect to get them. Before the summer is over there will be terrific fighting, hideous slaughter, most probably on a greater scale than ever before, and still there may be no military decisions. It is then, at that point, that the danger will arise. Our reserve armies cannot now be ready for a year, owing to the delays in forming them. What then?

The idea that we are fighting merely to help the French is lunacy. It is France who in reality to-day is fighting for us—to save us from an inconclusive peace, for the day we entered the war it became our war; the struggle between the German and the British peoples for ultimate power. No peace will settle the issue that is not based on the affirmation of force on the one side or the other, and no such peace will be more than a respite from hostilities or a period of renewed military preparation for the next arbitrament by force.

Our peril is the continuance in power of the men who before the war refused to believe in war; who ever since war broke out have acted as if they did not wish to win it; who have had to be whipped along by public opinion ever

since 1914 to take even the most elementary steps to conduct it; who have proved themselves oscillating, amateurish, irresponsible, and ineffective in almost every measure that they have been constrained to take, almost, it would seem, in their own despite. The time has come when the Democracy must decide for or against these men. If we are to win, then we must free ourselves from this encumbrance.

Were it not that in England our senses are numbed and warped with what men call politics, we should long ago have driven these incapables from office. Unfortunately, we think by party, not by reason. When a man wants to study Greek he does not seek lessons with a billiard-marker. If he wishes to study astronomy he does not engage a clergyman to instruct him. If he has a carbuncle he does not crave the advice of a dancing-master. Why, in war, when the honour of the country and its whole fortune are at stake, do men suffer themselves to be led by the men and the papers who deceived them about the Germans before the war and have befooled and deceived them ever since? The answer is the national lack of standard or education, and so the inability of men to know and recognise the truth, and shift the scoriæ of political trickery.

I am not saying this in any party bias one way or the other. Men like Mr. Long, the now Lord Chaplin, Mr. Bonar Law, etc., are just as weak, which means inefficient, as any of Mr. Asquith's theoretical following, and I say they must go and make way for fighting men who will lead, and not wait to be led, like craven politicians. Such men are useless for waging war, because they are afraid, temperamentally and professionally unable to stand four square to the winds, and speak for the unpopular thing. Their spirit is compromise; their function is popularity; their method is formula. Now, in war, these are the three determinants of failure. As we have seen again and again, until the country is learning to shiver at their very names, these men have conducted the war from the beginning *politically* instead of militarily; always first with an eye on office and popularity, always tentatively, unsystematically, big with words and weak in action, avoiding decisions, burking issues, trusting to luck and the move that may succeed,

never once anticipating events, never venturing to lead, never daring, never even understanding.

How should they? They are theoreticians, lawyers, amateurs, ignorant of war, ignorant of the enemy, professional vote-catchers. Only the spirit of England has shown itself in matchless glory, and on it the politicians have ridden through the storm. But that is not enough. To-day we have to make up our minds; is Mr. Asquith's new peace formula acceptable, or are we to win to our own terms and conditions of safety? Everything will depend on our decision now. The Germans will neither be starved into submission nor economically be forced to their knees. We may as well put all that notional rubbish in the waste-basket. They can be beaten on the field only. They will, I fear, only be beaten there if we place our whole Imperial strength and resources into the issue and fight on with the noble desperation of France till decisions have been attained.

To leave the future conduct of the war in the hands of the present Coalition; above all, to leave it in the power of these men, who blathered about their spiritual home, to negotiate for peace, in secret, behind our backs, as may any month be the case, this is to sign away the trust we hold through history to our country. To me it is incredible that Mr. Asquith should be in the position to negotiate, with Lord Haldane behind him, with the Germans; and if we allow it, then it will be our full deserts if we get the sort of peace already outlined in his recent equivocable formula.

We are drifting. Barring the incalculable, or, perhaps, the intervention of America, a Government which drifts in war loses it. We have reduced our irreducible minimum already to a vague definition of Prussianism, which, besides being the greatest possible incentive to German union and determination, means no more positively than if the Kaiser were to say he would only treat with an English, and not with a British, Government. It is mere verbal dialectics, as Mr. Asquith probably knows. That way there lies only "reorganisation," as they say in com-

pany business. And that way there will be sown the seeds of future conflict, the inevitable war of revenge which the German people will live for, even as France has lived to fight for the recovery of her lost provinces.

If Mr. Asquith does not feel equal to the task of fighting on, let him resign, with a Dukedom if it so please him. He has done his task no doubt as truly and as well as he realised it. I do not blame him for not being a soldier or a statesman. By all means, let him have honour with those about him. We want younger men, free from political taint. Any weak peace will denote Germany's moral victory; now we are not taking the necessary decisive steps to win.

What we forget is that this is England's supreme test as a fighting Ally, as the defender of the little nations, and that by it we shall be judged. Failure will leave us without a friend, for the test of war is success. That Mr. Asquith hesitates to introduce equal service shows that he thinks politically, that for the sake of party principle he is willing to run his chances. Is the country so willing? That is the crucial question, and it is one which, as it will decide the issue of the war, so must be decided now, or it will be too late. In all probability it is this holding back on our part which keeps Italy from declaring war on Germany.

The need is of men—action, not of committees or words—of great new armies, and a few carefully-chosen leaders to take decisions and enforce them. But the first step is to purge Parliament of its servitors and time-servers and rid the country of its mandrake politicians. Not till we have broken through the Asquith system shall we obtain responsibility, nor until we have such responsibility in our leaders have we any military reason to expect that we shall get other than an irresponsible peace.

The Budget

By Raymond Radclyffe

The Chancellor of the Exchequer did the right thing in raising the Revenue to five hundred millions. But we must not give him too much credit for his Budget. He was compelled to raise a huge revenue—for in no other way could he get the money to pay for the war. He has to find £1,825,380,000. He has seen that the raising of loans is difficult, he knows from his bankers that you cannot go on selling Treasury Bills *ad libitum*, and he finds that the Exchequer Bond doesn't "catch on." Therefore, the only possible method is taxation. The public doesn't grasp the financial situation. It can't undersand why Loans are not made. It sees no reason why the Treasury should not go on selling Bills; it has already sold £418,000,000. It wonders why, after preposterous sums have been spent in advertisements—I should, perhaps, say wasted—only £154,000,000 of Exchequer Bonds have been placed. The public doesn't understand that the Chancellor can only drag in as much as he gives out. He has already almost drained the reservoir. The accumulated wealth of Great Britain of which we hear so much is not available in huge lumps. It is really only a reserve which stands at the back of the bank deposits. It can't be turned into cash five hundred millions at a time. But as the Chancellor pays out so he can borrow. And a clever Chancellor would see that every sixpence he spent in this country upon war material, wages, food, and Army and Navy expenses was drawn in again speedily. But Mr. McKenna is not clever. He is a very ordinary type of the lawyer politician. His first idea should be to finance cheaply. But he is obsessed with a fear that he may put the voter in a bad humour. Economy remains an afterthought. The most economical method of raising money for war purposes is taxation. It is also the

soundest. But as a large portion of the money spent on war is spent outside the United Kingdom, it is impossible to raise the whole cost of the war. It should have been the one aim of the Government to avoid outside shows. But we have seen hopeless failure in the Dardanelles, in Mesopotamia, and we had to call in Smuts to get us out of the muddle in East Africa. We are now keeping an army in Salonica. I am not criticising these outside expeditions from the military point of view. I do not understand war. I am saying that they waste money, and, as far as we can judge, they have given us no value for the huge sums we have spent. If they had not been undertaken Mr. McKenna's finance would have been simplified. He would have been spending vast sums, it is true, but they would have in large part been spent at home, and as the money was spent it would have gone into the banks, who would have handed it back to the Treasury, taking in exchange some kind of paper. Money would have circulated.

The more we can raise in taxation out of the money circulated the less burden will the nation have to bear in future years and the stronger will be our credit when the war ends. Thus we shall be the more able to fight Germany in an industrial sense.

We may say, for the sake of argument, that the National Income of Great Britain is £2,000,000,000. The working classes are responsible for one half and the rich for the other half. I am really under-estimating the income of the workmen, but for clearness' sake we will say that the rich and the poor divide the National Income. The rich form roughly one-tenth of the whole (some say one-ninth). But this one-tenth is not really rich, for at least 75 per cent. of those who pay income-tax have incomes under £700 per annum. Surely a Chancellor who desired to reduce the burden of the war would tax all according to their capacity. Also, he would attempt to make the taxes easy to bear. This has been the policy of almost all Chancellors. It has been our custom to divide our taxation into Direct and Indirect. The latter is the more easily borne, more easily collected. In 1888 indirect taxation was 54·7 per cent. against 45·3 per cent. direct. The proportion has been gradually changing. In 1913 it was indirect 42·4 per cent., direct 57·6 per cent. Mr. McKenna, in his Budget, gets

about 70 per cent. by direct taxation and 30 per cent. by indirect.

This is not only grossly unfair upon the wretched one-tenth of the population, but it is extremely bad finance. It is more unfair than it looks upon paper, because, though nine-tenths have no direct taxation, the one-tenth bear in addition to all the direct a very large proportion of the indirect. How much it is difficult to say; but Mr. Bernard Mallet, in his book "British Budgets," calculates that the income-tax payer has to shoulder fifteen-sixteenths of the stamp duties, one-third of the drink revenue, six-sevenths of the house duty, four-twenty-fifths of the tobacco, and three-sevenths of the food taxes.

The plain truth is that the Budget has been framed simply to catch the votes of the working classes and not upon any sound financial lines at all. It is true that anyone earning £131 a year as a clerk will have to pay 24*s.* 9*d.*, but workmen who make in these boom days £5 to £10 a week wages will in most cases get off scot free. The wretched lower middle class is taxed out of existence. The workman who doesn't smoke or drink hardly feels the cost of the war at all. Yet he is making wages such as he has never earned before. This, as I have said, is bad finance. Works pay out a thousand pounds a week on Government orders. The proprietor has to pay income-tax, excess profits tax, and indirect taxes; his workmen, whose wages are doubled, pay nothing, or, at any rate, only a fraction on tea, sugar, cocoa, and tobacco. Thus the fifty-two-thousand-a-year wages bill is lost for a long time to the Exchequer. Repeat this loss in every works throughout the country and you will not be surprised that the Chancellor finds extraordinary difficulty in raising loans. It is true that the wages are eventually spent in shops which pay their takings into a bank and that gradually this money dribbles through. But it should be taxed at the source, just as the middle-class income is taxed.

In Prussia incomes are taxed at £45; Saxony £20; Hesse £25; Norway £18; Sweden £24; Denmark from £33 to £44; Italy £16; Holland £54. Thus in these countries all have to bear direct taxation against one-tenth here. The Prime Minister said in June, 1913: "I do not think there is any doctrine more fatal to the root prin-

ciple of democratic government than that it should consist of the constant amelioration, at great expense to the community, of the social conditions of the less-favoured classes of the country at the sole and exclusive expense of the other classes."

But we find these politicians supporting a Budget which piles up five hundred millions of taxation the bulk of which is extracted from the pockets of one-tenth of the population. We find these gentlemen preaching thrift on every occasion, yet they support a Chancellor who has the audacity to deduct 5*s*. in the pound *at the source* from all dividends, annuities, etc., and who calmly tells the sufferers that they have their legal remedy. So they have, if they possess the cunning of the serpent or the patience of an ant. But even if they possess both they can, under no circumstances, recover their money till the year is out. Thus a wretched woman, whose only income is £137, finds £34 5*s*. deducted; her income-tax is only £2 11*s*., but she must live upon £102 15*s*. for twelve months. Then, with extraordinary luck, coupled with supreme business ability, she may get back the £31 14*s*. which the Government have wrongfully withheld for nearly a year.

The working classes are earning about one thousand millions a year in wages, and I do not believe more than a fraction is taxed. Now, a 10 per cent. tax would bring in a hundred millions a year and would not be felt by anyone. It could be collected by means of stamps at practically no cost, and it would bring home the fact that we are at war. This is a right and proper tax, such as is levied in days of peace in many European countries. But our Chancellor prefers to bleed the middle class white.

The effect of a five-shilling tax, levied at source, upon all dividends will certainly cause a slump in high-class securities. It will stop other nations from buying our National Loans. It will stop even our own countrymen from subscribing to them. The revenue which it brings in could easily have been obtained in other ways. Such taxation is both stupid and cruel, and if persisted in will end in the accumulated capital of this country being dissipated in powder and shot. Then when the war ends we shall be at the mercy of those nations who possess capital and can use it to ruin our already half-destroyed export trade.

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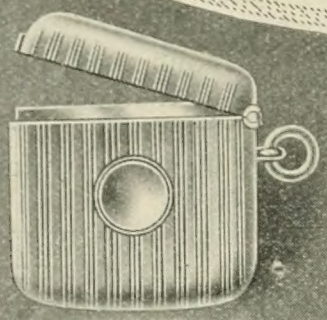

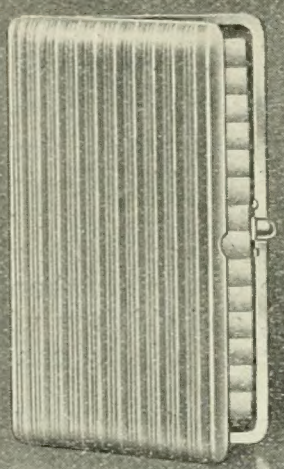

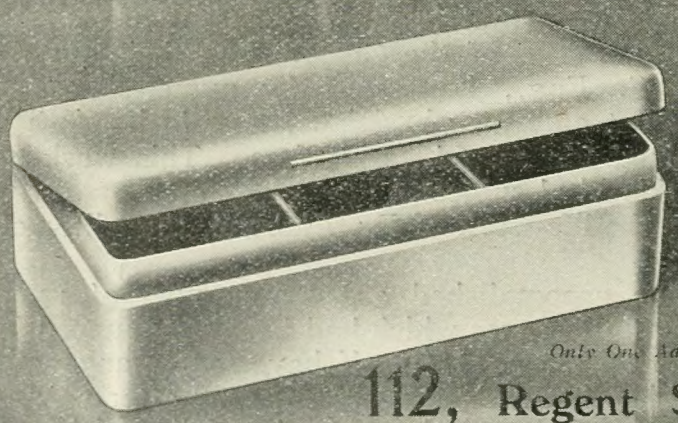

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